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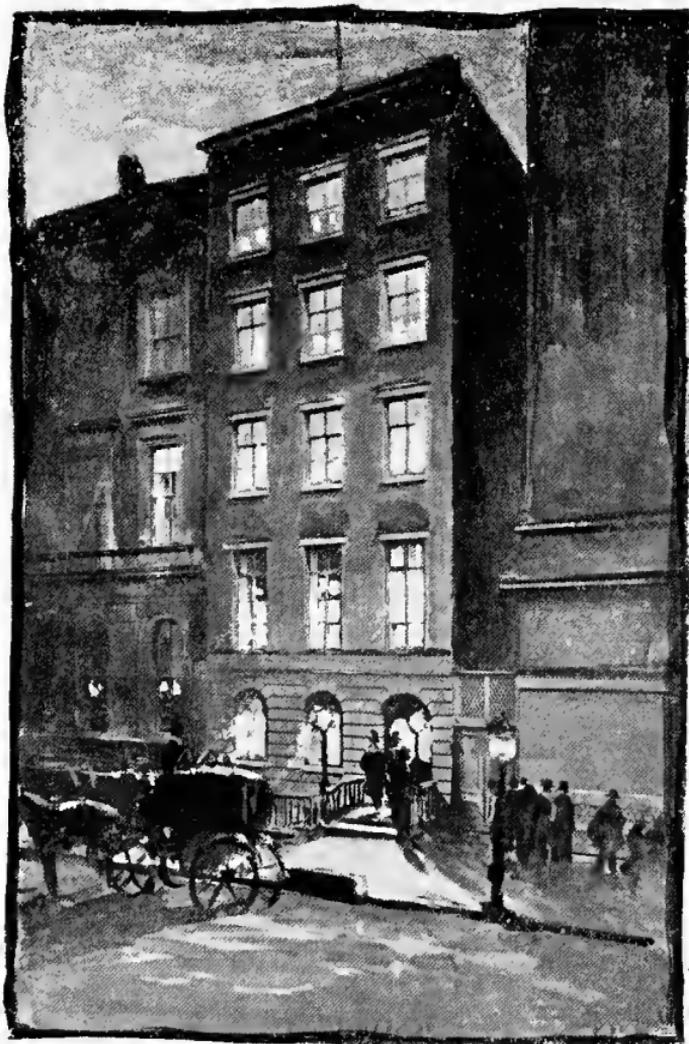


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A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE LOTOS CLUB.



LOTOS CLUB HOUSE.
No. 2 Irving Place.

A BRIEF HISTORY
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THE LOTOS CLUB.

BY
JOHN ELDERKIN.

CLUB HOUSE,
556 AND 558 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.



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THE LOTOS CLUB.

THE LOTOS CLUB had its modest beginning in 1870. In February of that year half a dozen young men, journalists and critics, met in the office of the "New York Leader" and talked over the proposition of one of their number to form a club on somewhat different lines to any then existing in the city. There had been recently organized a number of clubs of a literary and artistic character, none of which were very vigorous or conformed to the idea suggested for the new organization. The Palette was, perhaps, the nearest prototype, but this was composed largely of artists, and its membership included so many of foreign extraction as to give it a foreign flavor and character. This was the case with one or two lesser clubs of the same general purpose. There was the Century Club, in Seventeenth Street, which had succeeded the Sketch Club, an informal organization, of which Washington Irving, who had given the name to the club; S. F. B. Morse, the founder of the National Academy; Asher B. Durand, Henry T. Tucker-

man, and other gentlemen engaged or interested in literature or the fine arts, were members. The Century, although then less than twenty-five years of age, was looked upon as a most venerable and moss-grown institution ; moreover, it styled itself an association, but was to all intents and purposes a club, composed of authors, artists and amateurs, with inherited traditions, and the best and strongest men in the professions, and, therefore, naturally somewhat exclusive. An account of the clubs of New York of that time includes only fourteen of sufficient strength to merit enumeration, although there were probably not far from a hundred of a miscellaneous and informal character. The elder journalists were hard-working and busy men, with little leisure and taste for club life. An occasional evening at the home of the Cary sisters afforded Mr. Greeley all the relaxation in the way of society that he desired. There had been an informal organization of newspaper men, editors and reporters, which met at Delmonico's monthly and dined, and discussed after dinner matters appertaining to journalism. The moving spirits in this organization were David G. Croly, S. S. Packard, J. W. Simonton and Montgomery Schuyler.

After the meeting in February, at the office of the "New York Leader," the promoters of the new club commenced an active propaganda in newspaper circles, and among actors and artists and professional and business men whose tastes would render them congenial. The aim of the club was formulated. Its primary object was de-

clared to be to promote social intercourse among journalists, literary men, artists and members of the musical and dramatic professions, and such merchants and professional gentlemen of artistic tastes and inclinations as would naturally be attracted by such a club. Some of those interested were acquainted with the history and success of the Savage and Garrick clubs of London, the freedom and sociability of the Savage Club being an especially attractive ideal to be realized. A permanent organization was effected on the 15th of March, 1870. The name first proposed for the club was the Melolotos, but as it was conceived to convey the impression that the club was organized for the cultivation of music, it was changed to Lotos, as conveying an idea of rest and harmony, and gaining something of charm from Tennyson's poem the Lotos Eaters, which was then in the full bloom of popularity. Two lines of this poem,

In the afternoon they came unto a land

In which it seemed always afternoon,

were selected as the motto of the club, and appear upon the title page of its first manual, dated 1870. The meeting for organization was held in Weber's Piano Warerooms, on Fifth Avenue, and it is said that all who attended at that meeting were elected to official positions, as follows: De Witt Van Buren, President; Frederick A. Schwab, Vice-President; Albert Weber, Treasurer; George W. Hows, Secretary; and Montgomery Schuyler, Thomas A. Kennett, William L. Alden, J. H. Eliot and Harold W. Bateman, Directors. The new

club was now fairly launched with a name and an object in life, and subsequent meetings were held almost daily, wherever the officers could get together, at the old Belvidere Hotel, in the corridors of the Academy of Music, to consult and elect members. The initiation fee was placed at \$20 for the first hundred members. It was subsequently raised to \$50, and the annual dues to \$40. A committee was appointed to find a house, and at a club meeting held at the Belvidere Hotel, on the 13th of April, the directory was authorized to secure the building No. 2 Irving Place, next door to the old Academy of Music, which was thereupon secured at a rental of \$2,800 per annum.

On the 29th day of April, 1870, the Lotos Club was incorporated under the general act applicable to such organizations.

It must not be supposed that all this was accomplished without a great deal of discussion. In fact, the eloquence expended at the meetings was somewhat disproportioned to the matters in hand. A "big talk" was necessary to the settlement of the smallest preliminary. The eloquence of Albert Weber, the treasurer, a lively, humorous and shrewd business man, must linger in the minds of all who heard him. For a time after the house was secured the members were obliged to sit around on empty candle boxes, soap boxes and such stray stools and camp chairs as the steward provided. On the 9th of June, the club, desirous of thoroughly furnishing the house, passed a resolution to issue bonds to the amount of \$1,000, to bear interest at

the rate of 7 per cent. per annum. As may be supposed, this munificent sum did not enable the house committee completely to furnish the three floors. So it was decided to rent out the upper stories in unfurnished rooms to members.

The club had now gained quite a repute for sociability. There was a contagious enthusiasm in the membership. Recruits were constantly brought in. There was a great deal of life and go about the club. Seldom an evening passed without music, recitations and stories. Randolphi, a powerful baritone, and Wehli, the pianist, were seldom absent. Randolphi's voice could easily be heard and enjoyed within a radius of two blocks from the house. The neighborhood was alive to the fact of the existence of the new club, and it was difficult to tell which created the most stir and noise in Irving Place, the Academy or the Lotos. There was a provision in the constitution which required that at least one half of the members should be journalists, literary men, artists, actors and musicians, and this provision was jealously guarded in the elections.

De Witt Van Buren, the first president, died on the 5th of October. He was not in robust health at the time that he accepted office. He was a quiet and agreeable man, especially dear to those of his own profession of journalism, and much respected by all the members for his gentleness and dignity. He had made his mark, and his early death was truly lamentable.

At the election of a president to succeed Mr.

Van Buren there were two candidates, Hon. A. Oakey Hall, at that time Mayor of New York, equally distinguished in journalism and politics, and Col. Thos. W. Knox, who had been a correspondent of the "Tribune" during the war and a prisoner at Andersonville, and whose recent book, "Across America and Asia," had given him the nickname of "The Siberian Traveler." The candidates were about equally popular, but Mr. Hall was chosen, and at a dinner shortly after expressed his gratification, saying that political honors were cheap compared with the honor of being president of the Lotos, a sentiment which did not strike anyone present as at all extravagant, as the honor of holding the offices was as much coveted then as now.

Mr. Hall was an excellent choice. In the office of president he proved himself both judicious and popular. Among the many good suggestions which he made, was that of setting aside one evening in the week for social entertainments. Thus came about the Lotos Saturday Nights, which have been a feature of the club ever since. Pictures, music, vocal and instrumental, illustrated lectures, drawing and painting contests against time, recitations and nearly every other form of evening entertainment known to the footlights in modern times have been witnessed in the parlors of the Lotos at its Saturday night entertainments. On the 22d of December, 1870, the club passed a resolution authorizing the acceptance of works of art from artists for their initiation fees. This is still in force,

and has had an important influence in maintaining the status of the Lotos as an art club. At the end of the first year the membership numbered 172, four of whom were honorary.

Naturally the abounding good fellowship and conviviality found its best expression in dinners, which were a feature of club life as soon as the resources of the kitchen and dining room were perfected. The purchase of the first complete dinner set, white china, decorated with red bands and the monogram of the club, was an event which no member of that day has forgotten. It required very little distinction in those days to provoke the honor of a dinner at the Lotos Club. Guests were a necessity, and it was the duty of the directory to provide them, and it did so, whether there was special occasion or timeliness in the demonstration or not. Amusing stories are told of the way in which the committees of the Lotos Club watched the wharves for the arrival of distinguished strangers from Europe. The committee which surprised Charles Kingsley on the deck of the steamer was met with the response, "But, gentlemen, I am trying to view the approaches to New York. I cannot make any engagements now."

During Mr. Hall's incumbency of the office of president, Mr. Samuel J. Tilden was a guest, and Chandos Fulton, who had him in charge, tells an amusing story of how the sly old fox sent his speech in advance to all the newspapers, and although he was one of the last called upon to speak at the dinner, his speech appeared first and

in full the next morning, while merely brief paragraphic references were made to the other speakers. The entertainment of the composer Jaques Offenbach, then in the flood tide of popularity, was a specially memorable and delightful occasion in those early days. Offenbach was a little man with

**Jaques
Offenbach.** Hebraic physiognomy who could not speak a word of English, but whose capacity for making himself understood by expressive shrugs and gestures and pantomime full of meaning was quite as amusing and understandable as any speech which he could possibly have made. He was able, too, to illustrate his feelings by accompanying himself on the piano. It is said that Offenbach's entertainment was the cause of some burning jealousies in the breasts of the musical critics which ultimately led to dissension and the secession of part of the members.

There were now many distinguished names on the roll of membership. The parlors of the modest house on Irving Place on the occasions of entertainments were crowded with men whose presence would lend distinction to any company. The club house had become the common meeting ground in the city for journalists, actors, artists and authors. Distinguished foreigners and non-resident Americans were welcomed to its privileges and courtesies. There was a prevalent Freemasonry and camaraderie which made every one who entered its hospitable doors at home; and with all the rollicking humor and banter, there were seldom any breaches of the rules of good fellowship and good

manners. Mark Twain, in his speech at one of the early dinners, set the key for a good deal of the sarcastic drollery which prevailed on many occasions. He said that he did not like to make any personal allusions, but that the profane conversation he had been compelled to listen to from Whitelaw Reid, John Hay, Samuel Bowles and Henry Watterson had frightened away all the pious thoughts he had concocted for the solemn occasion. He spoke of Mr. Reid as a man who had grown so accustomed to editing a newspaper that he could not distinguish between truth and falsehood; and that John Hay had written so many ribald verses that he (Twain) was always compelled to disown his acquaintance when presiding at meetings of the Young Men's Christian Association. Candor obliged him to confess that he had a poor opinion of a club which admitted Congressmen to membership, and he found it difficult to sit opposite Robert B. Roosevelt, who had the hardihood to be present without getting a dollar from the Credit Mobilier. He closed with an apology for discontinuing his harangue; saying that those anxious to hear the remainder of it might step down stairs, where he had stationed a number of agents, and purchase tickets for his Wednesday evening lecture, adding, "I make it a rule of life never to miss any chances, especially on occasions like these, where the opportunity for converting the heathen is luxuriously promising." As may be surmised, Mr. Twain was not let off without a dreadful

scoring in which he was denounced as an impostor. Much of his history was ventilated.

After the retirement of Mr. Hall from the presidency, there was an interregnum of some months, during which the vice-president, Mr. John Brougham, acted in the capacity of president. Mr.

John Brougham. Brougham had been one of the first members. He was in the very prime of his life, and at the height of his popularity and success. All of his experience had gone to make him one of the most interesting, charming and lovable of men. He was handsome, agreeable and brilliant. In a conversation at the Lotos Club one day, he said, "Look at Matthews," meaning Charles Matthews. "After buffeting through a long life of chronic debt and trouble, you find him, at seventy-five, gracefully posing on the London stage with the agility and lightheartedness of a budding juvenile man." Brougham was himself an example of cheerful philosophy, for the passing years had dealt gently with him. His eye was as bright and his gait as firm as ever, while he retained all the sparkle and humor that had characterized him in his younger days, although he was then nearly sixty. Chatting with a reporter upon the ups and downs of that capricious pursuit, the stage, he deprecated the struggle of those who make themselves martyrs to feeling and fret in vain against the inexorable conditions of destiny. "That man," he said, "is the wisest and the happiest whose discipline has culminated in a serene stoicism." At this

time Mr. Brougham bore a good deal of the weight of doing the honors of the Lotos to its distinguished guests and fulfilling the duties placed upon the head of the club by the members. He welcomed the French band of the Garde Republicaine when it was received at the Lotos; and Herr Johann Strauss, who, during the evening, played his famous composition, "The Blue Danube Waltz."

The election of Mr. Whitelaw Reid to the presidency was a fortunate event. It was the commencement of a long period of uninterrupted prosperity. During the summer of 1872 the house in Irving Place was enlarged and renovated and better provision made for the exhibition of paintings. On September 17th, 1872, a reception was given to Edmund Yates, the novel-

Edmund
Yates.

ist. Yates, following in the wake of Thackeray and Dickens, had come over from England to lecture. Mr. Yates was eminently a club man who enjoyed the good company, the good stories and the good dinners of the Lotos. He found plenty of congenial spirits, and so long as he remained in the city he was at home in the club. In a neat little speech toward the close of the reception, in response to a toast by the president, Mr. Yates said: "When, the other day, I saw John Brougham coming toward my hotel, I thanked Heaven that I had at least one friend in America; but John Brougham is now displaced; instead of one friend, I have suddenly found a hundred."

The place of the Lotos Club was now pretty

well established. One authority said, "Clubs serve an excellent purpose in affording the means of giving suitable reception to eminent strangers who visit us, who otherwise might feel themselves neglected." On the first visit of Charles Dickens to New York he was dined by the Novelty Club. When Thackeray came, he was dined by the Press Club; and since then every eminent author, artist or scientist who arrives in New York is sure of a reception from the Lotos Club, which gives a kind of official welcome which makes him feel at home among strangers. The idea of exclusiveness and seclusion, dear to the heart of the old-fashioned club man, somehow never took root or had any vogue here. The Lotos had marked out an individual and special course of its own, and it was discovered that it was doing a good service, as our representative host. The author, the artist, the journalist, the man of genius coming to our shores, who otherwise may be neglected, was at once ushered into the notice, friendship and companionship of his compeers on this side of the Atlantic. Such paragraphs to this purpose began to appear in newspapers in all parts of this country and England and spread widely the fame of the club.

Following Mr. Yates came the historian James Anthony Froude. Mr. Froude was a tall man, with a scholarly stoop of the shoulders and a manner which seemed to deprecate any expression of feeling or enthusiasm. One unaware of his brilliant and aggres-

James
Anthony
Froude.

sive intellect, his splendid literary accomplishments, would have been entirely misled by his self-repressed and deprecatory manner as he appeared in the parlors of the Lotos Club; but there was a twinkle in his eye and a note in his voice which betrayed the militant spirit of this dashing soldier of letters. Among those who gathered to meet Mr. Froude were Mr. White-law Reid, president of the club, Hon. John Bigelow, Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, President Barnard, of Columbia College, Gen. Irwin McDowell, Col. John Hay, Bret Harte, Dr. J. G. Holland, Launt Thompson, Joaquin Miller, George P. Putnam, Col. W. C. Church, S. S. Conant, Robert B. Roosevelt, James Brooks, Richard Schell, David G. Croly, Dr. Edward Eggleston, J. Blair Scribner, Edmund Yates, Prof. Roswell D. Hitchcock, Oliver Johnson, Mayor Hall, Col. Thos. W. Knox, John Bell Bouton, Charles D. Bragdon, Dr. Charles Inslee Pardee, Wm. Appleton, Jr., and John Elderkin. There were many others, but these names were preserved in the newspaper accounts of the occasion.

A writer connected with the "Cincinnati Gazette," who was present, said that not since the dinner to Charles Dickens had there been an assemblage of equal brilliancy. The gathering numbered a large proportion of our prominent representatives in literature, art and journalism. Mr. Reid, in his speech of welcome, recognized the literary athlete who had raised such a hubbub in England over Henry the Eighth, Queen Elizabeth

and Mary Queen of Scots, until he had finally stepped into the great place left vacant by Lord Macaulay. In Mr. Froude's modest response, he acknowledged the many kind acts of hospitality which he had received during the short time he had been in the country and thanked the club for the reception, not only for himself, but in the name of our common profession of letters. He himself had been the editor of a London magazine and had worked upon the daily press, and therefore deemed himself one of the members of the great profession of journalism, among whom there is a sort of Freemasonry which he recognized, and therefore felt himself among friends and brothers. The final speech of the reception was delivered very late in the evening, by Mr. John Brougham, who mounted a chair and entertained the company with a display of intellectual fireworks and delightful reminiscences which brought the occasion to a charming conclusion.

To a California journalist, who visited New York at this time, the Lotos Club was a revelation. He wrote to the Chicago "Tribune" that he had dined there, that it was the literary and artistic club of the Atlantic coast; that authors, actors, journalists and artists made up the bulk of the members, and that, while it had been in existence only a little over a year, it was one of the notable organizations of the East.

Henry M. Stanley had returned from his romantic first expedition to Central Africa. He had left New York unknown, and had come back to

find himself famous. He had added new laurels to the special correspondent. In Abyssinia he had beaten all the English correspondents, and was the first to send to Europe and America news of the death of King Theodore. Then, in the face of terrific obstacles, he had penetrated to the interior of Africa and found the dying Livingstone. In

Henry W.

Stanley.

England the reports of his discovery of Dr. Livingstone had been received with incredulity, but later, in face of the evidence which he produced, all doubts had disappeared. His appearance at the Lotos Club on the 22d of November, 1872, was in the character of a veritable hero, and as a hero he was welcomed and celebrated. Mr. Stanley's appearance and bearing were those of a most resolute man. He had the look of one not to be trifled with. One might have said of him, "We know that he is ugly; we hope that he is good." The parlors were crowded at an early hour by three hundred members of the club and a large number of distinguished guests. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the president, was unstinted in his praise, awarding the highest honor to Mr. Stanley for his achievements, and quoting the old Frenchman, who said, "It is a sign of mediocrity always to praise sparingly." Mr. Stanley responded in a way to raise the high estimate formed of him by his simplicity and modesty. He declared that the principal motive and sustaining power which had held him to his purpose was the directions of the editor of the "Herald," who had told him, on starting, "Go on, and do not come

back until you find Livingstone." His speech was a recognition of the splendid spirit of loyalty and devotion of modern journalism, which, in the words of Mr. Reid, "secures more unquestioning obedience, more enthusiastic zeal and greater success than cabinets and parliaments." Among the delightful features of this reception was a capital recitation by the late William J. Florence, or Billy Florence, as he was familiarly called in the Lotos. Mr. Brougham also made a humorous speech and recited his "Hymn of Princes," a satirical poem on the dispatch which the Emperor William had sent to the Empress Augusta after one of Prussia's great victories over France: "Heaven has again blessed our arms, and twenty thousand of the enemy are left upon the field. Order a Te Deum." Mr. Brougham recited his production with great spirit on many occasions and the members seemed never to tire of hearing him. Mr. W. S. Andrews also recited "Buck Fanshaw," and admirably. He was frequently called upon for this, and it was always received with applause, as on the present occasion.

At this time, when the club was enjoying great prosperity, it was threatened with disaster by the defection of a considerable portion of its literary and artistic element. The old adage about the irritability of the literary genius received a new confirmation. Complaint was made that there were too many business men in the club. They filled too great a space and crowded the representatives of the artistic, literary and musical pro-





WHITELAW REID.

From a Photograph by Rockwood.

fessions. By its constitution the Lotos could only elect business men to the extent of one half its total membership. It thereby secured a conservative element which in every emergency has proved a guarantee of strength and permanence. The dissatisfaction culminated in the resignation of a small minority, who went off and formed a new club which they called the Arcadian. It is unnecessary to trace the history of this movement or to mention any of the silly things which were perpetrated. It is sufficient to say that some who left the Lotos lived to return, and that the rivalry of the Arcadian is forgotten.

At the fourth annual election in March, 1873, the treasurer reported that the club was out of debt, and had cash in hand and property to the value of \$20,000. The officers elected for that year were: President, Whitelaw Reid; vice-president, John Brougham; secretary, Charles H. Miller; treasurer, C. McK. Loeser; Directors: John Bell Bouton, Thos. W. Knox, Geo. H. Story, A. F. Tait, John Elderkin, Charles Inslee Pardee, Thos. A. Kennett, Daniel Bixby and Jos. A. Picard.

The strength of the club had been tested. It was evident that the Lotos was to live. It was founded in the broad basis of a membership composed not only of members of the artistic, literary and musical worlds, but of men of all professions, business men, men of leisure, the admirers, judges and promoters of literature and art, frequenters of the theater and buyers of paintings and books,

as well as critics, artists and authors. That the Lotos had in its ranks a fair proportion of the literary and artistic element, was amply demonstrated by the publication of a handsomely illustrated volume, entitled "Lotos Leaves," edited by John Brougham and John Elderkin and made up of contributions by members. Among the contributors, besides the editors, were Mark Twain, John Hay, D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby), Brander Matthews, Charles Gayler, Thomas W. Knox, Charles Inslee Pardee, Noah Brooks, Henry S. Olcott, Chandos Fulton, Edward Greey, Isaac H. Bromley, Whitelaw Reid, Robert B. Roosevelt, and others, with illustrations by George H. Story, J. H. Dolph, Gilbert Burling, Arthur Lumley, Alfred Fredericks, Charles H. Miller and John Lafarge. The book was a very handsome one and received a great deal of notice from the press of the country. It was reprinted in England, where the editor's preface was a stumbling block which the literary Englishman found it difficult to get over. One critic congratulated the club on the statement in the preface, that these "spiritual adumbrations are not evanescent or fugacious, a latrocious cheat, repugnant to common sense, but tangible entities, altogether stationary, and visible to every eye." This, the writer declared, was certainly fine and decidedly tall; and he richly deserved a good dinner and a handsome testimonial for the kindly way in which he proceeded to notice the volume.

Periodical exhibitions of paintings and other

works of art were from the beginning a feature of the club's activity. The extension which had been made to the club house gave greater space for these displays. Every school of native and foreign art was represented. Occasionally an exhibition would be given exclusively of pictures by artist members. At one such there were hung William Hart's "Last Gleam," which now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; Eastman Johnson's "Pet Lamb," since well known by the popular engraving; and fine pictures by Edward and Peter Moran, George H. Story, J. H. Beard, Worthington Whittredge, Charles H. Miller, Henry Bacon, John Lafarge, A. F. Tait, H. C. Bispham, Constant Meyer, J. H. Dolph, A. H. Baldwin, Edward Gay and B. F. Reinhart. Frequently a complimentary dinner would be given on the day of the exhibition to an artist whom his friends wished to distinguish. Such a dinner took place on January 27th, 1873, the guest being C. P. Cranch, the veteran artist and poet, by a company of sixty, who had the pleasure of listening to delightful reminiscences of Longfellow and other eminent persons.

Mr. A. H. Wyant and Mr. George Inness were frequently represented in the exhibitions. Mr. Wyant came occasionally to the house in Irving Place as a guest. He was a man of very fine temper; like Mr. Inness, impatient of all sham, and resenting any praise of his work not based on knowledge. Both of these artists, as well as Samuel Colman, Homer

A. H.
Wyant.

Martin, Thomas Eakins and Launt Thompson, the sculptor, were represented in the exhibition on the night of the dinner to Mr. Cranch. One month later, Mr. William Page was the guest of honor, and a very brilliant assemblage gathered about him. Mr. Page's head of Christ was, according to the author's recollection, among the paintings exhibited that evening. Mr. Cranch was as well known by his translation of Virgil as by his pictures, and Mr. Page, too, was a scholar and author as well as painter. The conversation and after-dinner speeches on both these occasions were a rare treat. Mr. Cranch sang an old time song during the evening and Mr. Page proved most delightful in his after-dinner talk. R. Swain Gifford, J. F. Kensett, Eastman Johnson, Louis Tiffany, Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, J. G. Brown, Arthur Parton and nearly all the artist members of the club contributed to the exhibition.

The pictures and the works of art remained on view on Mondays, when ladies were entertained, and often on these ladies' days most exquisite artistic entertainments were given. The actors and musicians were most generous in contributing to the amusement of the ladies. Harry Beckett and John Brougham, Wm. J. Florence, Ned Sothern, Charles Roberts, Jr., Sidney Wollett, Gottschalk, Ronconi, George W. Colby, Harry Stanfield, William McDonald, Arthur Matthison, Randolphi, Alfred Pease, Bonawitz, Alberti, and George Clarke were frequently among the entertainers. Ladies of the grand opera and the

leading theaters were also heard with pleasure in the parlors of the Lotos on Monday afternoons.

Mr. Wilkie Collins made his first and only visit to America this year. He came over to lecture under the auspices of Brelsford's American Literary Bureau. Brelsford was a member of the Lotos. He was a scrawny, sickly Yankee, but a good fellow and a capable manager, who was exploiting the country with authors and entertainers on the lecture platform. The Lotos Club entertained Mr. Collins at a reception on September 29, 1873. Many persons of distinction were present, among them Bret Harte, Richard H. Stoddard, Edmund C. Stedman, Dr. E. H. Chapin, Signor Salvini, John Gilbert and Ivory Chamberlain. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the president, made the speech of welcome, and a sincere and hearty welcome it was, associating the guest of the evening with his great fore-runners Thackeray and Dickens, especially noting that he was the prized friend and literary associate of the latter. Mr. Collins was a little man, and he told a funny story of the time when, as a little boy of thirteen, he had met in Sorrento, Italy, a very tall, very lean, very silent and very melancholy American, who had treated him to an excellent dinner, crowned with cake, an epoch in his youthful experience which had lived gratefully in his memory, so he was not a stranger to American kindness and American hospitality. There were many delightful speeches and ex-

Wilkie
Collins.

changes of compliments. Signor Salvini, the great Italian, responded to a toast. Toward the close of the evening there were calls for Charles Bradlaugh, the English Republican, who was present. He modestly responded, thanking the club for the opportunity to unite with them in testifying his regard and admiration for his distinguished fellow countryman, whom he met for the first time on foreign soil. It was a privilege, he said, which no club in England would accord him.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor was also a guest this year. This brought a somewhat different body of guests to the Lotos. Science had its innings. President Barnard, of Columbia College, in his speech, introduced some remarks on the attitude of the more progressive scientific men toward the Christian belief in a personal God, which called out some sharp rejoinders from several scientific gentlemen present, and developed at last an exceedingly animated debate. Mr.

Proctor exhibited great diplomacy in the turn which he gave to the discussion.

There were present on this occasion Mr. Richard A. Proctor. Cyrus W. Field, Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, Chief-Justice Charles P. Daly, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt and Prof. E. L. Youmans. What was most delightful at this reception was Prof. Proctor's sincere tributes to American colleges and other institutions. He expressed the hope that one day his own children might receive a portion of their education in America. This hope he realized, as subsequently he married an American wife, re-

moved from England to the United States and established his home in one of our Western cities.

Charles Kingsley was the guest at the first dinner of the Lotos Club in February, 1874. Canon Kingsley had as many claims to distinction as any man who was ever entertained by the club. As the famous author of "Westward Ho!" "Hypatia," "Alton Locke" and "Amyas Leigh" he was among the foremost novelists of England. As the author of "The Three Fishers" and other poems he had a high place among her poets, and as a

Charles
Kingsley.

preacher and reformer he had advanced the cause of human brotherhood. His response to a felicitous speech of welcome by President Reid was altogether unique, full of personal disclosures, and as it was very short, here it is in full: "Gentlemen, I am not accustomed either to such a reception or to such kind words as these, and I am very glad of it. I wish that every one here knew me as well as I know myself. If I have other such receptions as this in America, I shall get out of it as soon as possible for fear you should find me out. I am very easily found out. They say there is a good deal of the fool in every man, and I never have known a man in my life that had more of it than I. I have learned in fifty-five years' experience never to go into a room without saying to myself, 'You may be the most foolish and may be the worst man in this room; therefore treat all you meet with precautionary respect; as to what I may be or what I may or may not have done, it is no

matter.' One of the kind wishes the chairman has just done me the honor to give me is a long life. Let him ask anything for me except that. Let us live hard, work hard, go a good pace, get to our journey's end as soon as possible; then let the post horse get his shoulder out of the collar, and let him get his corn and hay; let him get rubbed down if he deserves it. If not, get a rifle and put a bullet through his head, and so save him the trouble of going any longer. I have lived long enough to feel like the old post horse, very thankful when the end comes. But in the meantime, gentlemen, joking apart, one thing I have to say, that you have paid me a very delicate compliment, and one that has gone home to my heart this evening, in coupling my name with the two men with whom I have grown up, and with whom, through thick and thin, wind and storm, I have lived and loved, and the two men whom I love best on earth now—Anthony Froude and Thomas Hughes. As long as you do me the honor to put my name in as a third—your chairman made a great mistake in putting me in as a better third, both are better than myself at every point; and if you would know these two men as I know them, learn from them as I have learned, you would know and believe what I say; that as long as you put me in as a third, I shall consider you have done me quite honor enough in America without mentioning any foolish books of mine."

Subsequently Canon Kingsley made a longer speech full of charm and originality. Henry

Ward Beecher was among the invited guests, but wrote that, were not Saturday an impossible night for him, he would even undergo even a reception and a dinner for the sake of meeting Charles Kingsley, that he (Kingsley) ought to have come hither twenty years before in order to see a country which is, in fact, England broke loose and growing in the open air. The company gathered to meet Mr. Kingsley omitted no element of distinction. A few among the prominent gentlemen present were the Hon. William M. Evarts, John G. Saxe, James Parton, Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, John Bigelow, Rev. Dr. Montgomery, Hon. Wm. E. Dodge, Benjamin K. Phelps, George Ripley, John Taylor Johnston, Bret Harte, John Hay, Manton Marble, David G. Croly, Wm. H. Appleton, John Bell Bouton, Judge Charles H. Van Brunt, Theo. Dwight, Judge Gilbert M. Speir, John Brougham, Wm. J. Florence, Geo. Fawcett Rowe, E. W. Stoughton, Chauncey M. Depew, Dr. Alexander E. Macdonald, Dr. William A. Hammond, Dr. Charles Inslee Pardee, Sinclair Tousey, Sanford R. Gifford, William Hart, William H. Beard, William A. Seaver, P. S. Gilmore and Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field. The speakers who followed the guest of the evening took their cue from his personal and unpremeditated style. Mr. Evarts, always apt in his after-dinner oratory, was very fine and eloquent. John G. Saxe, the witty Vermonter, was heard for the first and only time in the Lotos Club. Rev. Dr. Potter, now Bishop Potter, made an excellent address. The canon

had dined in the club and dined well. He enjoyed the wine and the company, and by his capacity in every direction which could be explored in one evening, he excited the wonder of his entertainers. About eleven o'clock the president accompanied him to the Century Club, nearby, where he was received by Mr. William Cullen Bryant and others who had gathered to meet him. It was at this reception that Canon Kingsley expressed his regret that Westminster Abbey did not contain the dust of some eminent American to cement the two nations more closely together. Some one remarked that the Lotos Club of New York had anticipated the verdict of posterity on Charles Kingsley. It was, at any rate, a happy thing to have given the great Englishman a generous taste of the splendid fame which he has always enjoyed in America.

On the evening of May 6 the club gave a ladies' reception, for which occasion the Academy of Music and the club house were united. Over three thousand tickets were issued for this entertainment. The musical programme was rendered on the stage of the Academy. The guests were received by President Reid and a committee headed by Dr. Alexander E. Macdonald and Wm. Appleton, Jr., in the club house. The two buildings were connected by a covered way the width of the sidewalk, which was carpeted and richly hung with silk flags and drapery gracefully festooned. The stage of the Academy presented the appearance of a tropical garden. The musical pro-

gramme, under the direction of Mr. George W. Colby, was executed in a most charming manner. Mlle. di Murska sang her two great show pieces, arias from "Dinorah" and the "Magic Flute," and there were many other well executed numbers. The reception was in every respect a brilliant success.

In June, 1874, a dinner was given to Mr. John Brougham. Mr. Brougham anticipated an early departure for Europe, and the dinner was in the nature of a leave-taking. Whitelaw Reid presided, and among the many friends of Mr. Brougham who participated and made speeches were S. L. M. Barlow, Lawrence Jerome, Lester Wallack, William Winter, Harry Beckett, John McCullough, William S. Floyd and D. R. Locke. Mr. Winter read a poem which was interrupted four several times during the reading, the whole company of seventy-five rising from the table and interrupting the poet with prolonged cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Mr. Brougham was one of the first members of the club and had acted as president on many occasions. His gentleness, amiability and brilliancy of mind had endeared him to every member. He was Uncle John Brougham to one and all. The expression of feeling on this occasion was so intense that the recipient of the honor was entirely overcome. He tried to take it in his usual cheery and jaunty way, but the expression of love and admiration on the part of his old friends was too much for him. He never forgot this tribute, and

**John
Brougham.**

it was one among many of the consolations of the last days of his life. He did not go to England, a thing which he referred to afterward with much amusement. Shortly after the dinner to Mr. Brougham, the celebrated English comedian, Mr. John L. Toole, was entertained at the Lotos. Mr. Brougham presided and speeches were made by Joseph Jefferson, William Stuart, John T. Ford, Isaac H. Bromley, William Winter and others.

There had been many exchanges of civilities with the Savage Club of London, an English club of journalists and artists, antedating the Lotos and formed on similar lines. Many members of the Lotos had availed themselves of the privileges of the Savage when in London, and had found there very kind and generous hospitality. Members of the Savage had also been received and entertained in the Lotos. Mr. J. L. Toole was a representative member of the London club, and Mr. Stephen Fiske, and Mr. Howard Paul, and Mr. Joseph Hatton, all of whom were entertained upon their arrival in this country.

On the 28th of December, 1874, the Lotos Club entertained His Majesty Kalakaua the First, King of the Hawaiian Islands. A number of members of the Lotos had visited the islands and had been received and entertained at court. Their presence made the king feel very much at home. Among those present were Peter Cooper, Algernon S. Sullivan, Royal Phelps, Dr. Fordyce Barker, Abram S. Hewitt and W. E. Dodge. A large number of other guests

**King
Kalakaua.**

and members thronged the club house. Mr. Reid said to the king: "We are aware that our harsh winter has left your Majesty unable to attempt any response to our greetings, but we venture to declare that wherever you may travel over our continent, the King of Hawaii will find nothing inhospitable except the climate." Three cheers from the members and a number of introductions followed the very informal reception; pleasing the king mightily by its very informality. King Kalakaua was very much taken with the picturesque appearance of the eccentric journalist Mr. John Swinton, and enjoyed his forcible conversation very much. Governor Dominis accompanied him.

In February, 1875, the club gave an Artists' Reception and Exhibition of unusual interest. Assisted by the managers of the Ladies' Christian Union, the Art Committee had borrowed pictures from the private galleries of H. C. Fahnestock, A. T. Stewart, J. H. Sherwood, Fletcher Harper, S. P. Avery, Marshall O. Roberts, John H. Hall, Samuel Hawk and others. All the great foreign and American artists were represented. The exhibition was open for a week, and the public admitted by card.

The club's Fifth Anniversary was celebrated by a Ladies' Reception in the Academy of Music and club house, connected for this occasion, which compared in brilliancy with any social reunion of the season and surpassed in multitude and perfection of incidents all prior similar assemblages of

the club. The musical entertainment was under the direction of Mr. George W. Colby, and was signalized by the first appearance of Miss Adelaide Phillips and Miss Violeta Colville and Mr. Tom Carl in Flotow's new opera, "L'Ombra." Selections from other favorite operas were also given, and the entertainment was most successful. The programmes were printed on silk woven for the occasion, and furnished to each lady an interesting souvenir.

The entire cost of this entertainment was \$1,600. The members were entitled to three reserved seats free of all charge, but the boxes were sold, and these, taken by members, realized sufficient to meet all expenses.

The Lotos Club, though largely composed of artists of the chisel, brush, pen and buskin, is very shrewd and worldly sagacious. The members have always managed their affairs excellently, bearing any extraordinary expenses they might incur as individuals, instead of putting them upon the organization. This accounts for its uniform prosperity and sound condition.

Mr. John T. Raymond, an old member of the club and a delightful man and actor, had made a great success at the Union Square Theater as

John T. Raymond. Colonel Sellers in Mark Twain's play of "The Mighty Dollar," and on the eve of his departure from New York to play in other cities, his friends gave him a dinner. This was notable for the large number of actors and managers present, including Harry Palmer,

Maurice Grau, Max Strakosh, C. Chizzola, George Fawcett Rowe, Barney Williams, John Brougham, John Wyman, William J. Florence, Charles De Young, William B. Somerville, S. S. Cox and William Winter. Mr. F. A. Schwab presided. This dinner brought out a most remarkable speech from the guest of the evening. He had played the part of Colonel Sellers until he had in a measure lost his own individuality in that of the character. There was a kinship between the two which undoubtedly contributed to his success, so his speech was a delightful mixture of humor and extravagance. He referred to the time when dinners were not given to him, a time, he said, when he could have appreciated them. "It would not," he said, "be honest to myself to say that I was ever a bad actor, but I have been an infernally poor one. I have tried to avoid even the appearance of evil. Talk about giving a thousand dollars for a foreign play. Why, gentlemen, I expect to pay fifty, yes a hundred thousand, for my American play. I don't know whether Mark Twain will call this charity, but I mention it as a shining example. Nor has success spoiled me. No, sir; if any of those humble but worthy members of my profession, Mr. Booth or Mr. Jefferson, should cross my route or play in the same city with me, do not think for a moment that I would look down upon them. To pity the unfortunate is one of the noblest traits of the actor." John Wyman made a capital speech, and William Winter read a poem to his old comrade.

On the 21st of November, 1875, a dinner was given to Lord Houghton, better known as Richard Monckton Milnes, the English poet. This brought together a great gathering of literary men. The dinner was made as simple and informal as possible, but the splendid speech of the guest excited so much enthusiasm and brought out such a response that the affair proved a most elaborate and interesting one. Lord Houghton referred to the reception of Mr. Froude and Canon Kingsley and mentioned the fact that the promise of future English statesmanship in young Lord Rosebery had also been entertained by the club. He knew, he said, that he was addressing the Lotos Club, a society whose fundamental principle had been expressed in the melodious voices of one of the first but not least of our poets, Joaquin Miller, and quoted two verses as follows :

Lord
Houghton.

It seems to me that Mother Earth,
Is weary of eternal toil,
And bringeth forth by fretted soil,
In all the agonies of birth ;
Sit down ! Sit down ! So it were best,
That we should rest, that she should rest.

I think we then shall all be glad,
At least I know we are not now ;
Not one. And even earth, somehow,
Seems growing old and overset.
Then fold your hands ; for it were best
That we should rest, that she should rest.

But somehow or other, he hardly thought his

present audience was quite so purely contemplative. He was followed by Bayard Taylor, who made a brilliant speech. Among the guests were Edmund Clarence Stedman, Colonel John Hay, Governor Gardner, of Massachusetts, and Chauncey M. Depew, some of whom made speeches.

A little later in the month Dr. Hans von Bulow, the pianist, who had come to this country to give concerts, and Theodore Thomas were entertained.

On December 20th a complimentary dinner was given to Mr. Florence, who had contributed so much to the life and enjoyment of the club, and who was such a general favorite. Mr.

**William J.
Florence.**

Brougham presided at this banquet, which was extremely jolly, made so by the delightful talk of the guest of the evening, and songs by Mr. John Gilbert and John Brougham, and speeches by Gen. Custer, George Fawcett Rowe, Harry J. Montague, Lawrence Jerome and John Wyman. All the actors and managers were present at this dinner, anxious to honor their friend and professional brother.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway paid a short visit to this country in January, 1876. He was a Virginian who had freed his slaves and gone to England, and one of the principal objects of his visit to this country was to visit the colony of freedmen he had founded in northern Ohio. Mr. Conway was a literary, scientific and philosophical writer, and had done honor to his country in England. He was a man of high principle and great attainments.

He was entertained at dinner at the Lotos Club by a very distinguished company, Mr. Whitelaw Reid occupying the chair.

On the 29th of January, 1876, a dinner was given to the mayor of the city, Mr. William H. Wickham, the first of a series of dinners to the in-

coming and outgoing mayors, which has been kept up until the present day.

William H. Wickham. The mayor proved himself a most delightful guest. His remarks on the necessity of surrounding his mayorial dignity with greater official state excited satirical comments in the newspapers. One said: "He is, as everybody knows, a white glove and silk stocking mayor, the bright particular ornament of public and private feasts, and the representative of what the editor of the 'Tribune' calls 'the culture of the city.'" A suggestion that a fund should be allowed to the mayor for hospitality was met with the suggestion that it would be just as well for him to pay for his dinners to foreign potentates out of his own pocket. The gallant Colonel Henry Mapleson, the London impresario, came over this year, and naturally found a home and much hospitality at the Lotos Club.

In March, 1876, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who had served the club so well as president for three years, declined a re-election, and Mr. John Brougham was elected in his place. Shortly after the election, Mr. Reid was the recipient of the well-deserved compliment of a dinner at the Lotos, which was very largely attended and characterized by

great enthusiasm and hearty good feeling, which was highly gratifying to Mr. Reid.

In May of 1876 the French composer, M. Jaques Offenbach, made a second visit to this country, and his reception at the Lotos Club was a most agreeable reunion of the musical circles of the city. The gathering included all the musicians, musical critics and managers. Max Maretzek declared Offenbach the most popular composer in the world, and Mr. Chauncey M. Depew bore witness to the benign influence of his music upon domestic life. M. Offenbach was highly pleased, and sent an account of the affair to the Paris "Figaro," giving his own speech on the occasion.

Martin Farquhar Tupper was entertained at dinner at the Lotos on the 30th of October. Mr. Tupper relieved public apprehension by disclaiming any intention of writing a book about America. Some very genial and pleasant speeches were made, and the poet of proverbial philosophy read three of his lyrical poems.

On the 20th of December a dinner was given to Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston. Mr. John Elderk
kin, who acted as chairman, referred to the important services of the guest in promoting literary culture and to his contributions to literary history and criticism. Mr. Fields made a thoughtful and eloquent response. Few men could speak better of the great writers of our English tongue. Mr. Bayard Taylor and Mr. Stedman paid hearty tributes to

James T.
Fields.

Mr. Fields; Mr. Taylor giving an interesting account of his long acquaintance with Mr. Fields and Mr. Longfellow. Mr. George A. Frink contributed to the gayety of the occasion by singing "Simon the Cellarer," made famous in New York by the late Henry Drayton.

On February 11th, 1877, a complimentary dinner was given to Mayor Ely, at which Vice-President Noah Brooks presided, and which was enlivened by a delightful speech from Judge Brady.

The art exhibitions and special entertainments for ladies on ladies' days were maintained with a rare degree of success. The "Illustrated Weekly" of April 14th, 1877, in an article on the Lotos Club, said: "Wives who would not think of letting their husbands belong to any other club make an exception in favor of the Lotos, for they say, very naturally, when they visit its elegant parlors and see the walls covered with beautiful paintings, and note the general air of æsthetic culture which pervades the rooms, that the Lotos is nothing like those horrid clubs where the members find nothing better to do than to smoke, drink, play cards and talk scandal."

On May 1st, 1877, the Lotos Club removed from the old house in Irving Place to the Bradish Johnson mansion, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. This house was in every way adapted for the uses of the club. The rooms were broad and comfortable, and furnished increased facilities for the receptions and dinners



LOTOS CLUB HOUSE.
No. 149 Fifth Avenue.

which were such a great feature of the functions of the club. The members realized that the old house in Irving Place fell far short of meeting the requirements of the increased membership and their guests. An enthusiastic house warming was given on the 22d of May, which was distinguished by the exhibition of pictures of unusual excellence, and followed by an entertainment on ladies' day, at which the president, Mr. John Brougham, delivered a humorous address, referring handsomely to the "angelic, charming and delightful sex," and much more that was agreeable and inspiring. The Saturday night entertainments were continued with great enjoyment and overflowing attendance.

Mr. B. L. Farjeon, the English novelist who had married a daughter of Joseph Jefferson, paid a visit to this country in November, 1877. The Lotos Club, which has always delighted to honor Mr. Jefferson, hastened to invite his son-in-law to enjoy its hospitality. He was entertained at dinner on November 11th. Mr. Farjeon made a short speech, full of graceful and kind allusions, and gave the palm not only to American oratory, but to American oysters, sweet potatoes and canvas-back ducks. The speech of the evening was made by Joseph Jefferson, who gave amusing illustrations of unsuccessful speakers, related anecdotes connected with the stage and made shrewd and humorous observations on managers. All this flowed so freely from his lips, and was told with such an expression of

B. L.
Farjeon.

innocence, that the company was convulsed with laughter from the beginning to the end of his remarks. Mr. Farjeon's speech was a fine tribute to American literature, and excited a great deal of interest at the time.

Mr. Henry Watterson, who is always welcome at the Lotos Club, was a guest at dinner on November 18th. Many of his newspaper friends and contemporaries were present and the gathering was a notable one. Mr. D. R. Locke (Nasby) made some original remarks about Kentucky and its valuable products—horses, women and whisky. General Preston, an old Kentucky man and an officer of the Confederate service during the war, paid a high tribute to Mr. Watterson.

Mr. John McCullough, the actor, was the recipient of a dinner on the 11th of February, 1878, at which Mr. William Winter, in response to the toast of the dramatist, paid an earnest tribute to

**John
McCul-
lough.**

the simple kindly character, broad and generous mind and successful career of Mr. McCullough, whom he had long known and whose success he had foretold. Speeches were also made by Isaac H. Bromley, Dr. A. E. Macdonald, and the enjoyment was uninterrupted for four hours, when Mr. McCullough was obliged to leave the table and take the night train to Boston to begin an engagement.

On the 18th of February, a fire took place in the Lotos Club, seriously damaging the lower floors of the house and burning many valuable paintings. Repairs were hastily made, however,

to prepare the house for a dinner to Hon. Bayard Taylor, who had been appointed Minister to Germany. Mr. Taylor had been present at many dinners as a guest of the Lotos Club and his delightful fluency and amiability had made him a great favorite. A splendid company gathered to do him honor and the speech-making lasted until a late hour. During the evening Mr. Taylor made a number of speeches and recited a number of his most delightful poems. Judge Noah Davis, August Belmont, Thomas C. Platt, Governor Cornell, Leonard Jerome and other public men were guests of the club on this occasion, as well as many of Mr. Taylor's lifelong friends and comrades, such as J. Q. A. Ward and Charles Dudley Warner.

The fiftieth anniversary of John Gilbert's entrance into the theatrical profession was celebrated by a dinner at the Lotos Club. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who had been re-elected president, presided. Scattered throughout the dining room were all the prominent actors of the time who were then in the city. Mr. Gilbert made a speech so full of delightful personal allusions and reminiscences, so naive, modest, and with so much sweet dignity, that it ranked with his very finest performances.

**John
Gilbert.** He spoke of the time fifty years ago when he made his debut in Boston in a first-class tragedy part. He spoke of his disgust and indignation at finding himself cast as an old man at the age of nineteen. He did it, however, and received considerable applause, and

found at last that that was his strong point. In 1862 he had been invited to join Lester Wallack's Theater by his friend's (pointing to Lester Wallack) father, who, he was particular to say, was his friend and dramatic master. He was followed by John Brougham, Chauncey M. Depew, Dr. Montrose Pallen, and William Winter, who read a poetical tribute. A fine recitation by Frederic Robinson brought the banquet to a close.

The annual dinner to the mayor, this time to Mr. Edward Cooper, took place on the 11th of January, 1879, and was made specially interesting by the presence of John Kelly, his opponent, who made an excellent speech, in which he commiserated Mr. Cooper on the treatment which he was certain to get from the newspapers, no matter how he fulfilled the duties of his position. The venerable Peter Cooper, the mayor's father; Dr. Isaac I. Hayes, the Arctic explorer; Gen. Thomas L. James and Augustus Schell were among those present. The "Tribune" remarked next day that "The savageness of our controversies is one of the great hindrances to an elevation in the tone of American public life, and it is surely a sign of healthy progress when Edward Cooper is welcomed into office by Augustus Schell and magnates of the Union League Club and a speech from John Kelly."

In February, 1879, a dinner was given to Hon. Richard C. McCormick, American Minister to the Paris Exposition, who gave an interesting account of the result of that great show, which was sup-

plemented by the speeches of Mr. Leon Chotteau and Gov. Bullock, of Massachusetts.

In June of this year, 1879, Mr. John Brougham, who had been in failing health for a long time, died. His death was the occasion of mourning at the Lotos Club. The funeral, at the Little Church Around the Corner, on Twenty-ninth Street, was attended by the members of the club in a body, and Mr. Noah Brooks, vice-president, acted as one of the pall bearers.

Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan, authors of "H. M. S. Pinafore," were entertained at dinner at the Lotos Club on November 8th, 1879. "Pinafore" had been played in this country, but the authors had derived no benefit from it. They did not complain of this, as there existed

Gilbert
and
Sullivan.

no international copyright act, but their object in placing "Pinafore" upon the American stage was to give the authors' idea of it, Mr. Gilbert humorously adding that he did not see why he and Mr. Sullivan should be the only ones not permitted to produce the piece. Chauncey M. Depew amused the guests of the evening by declaring that when information of the approach of Gilbert and Sullivan arrived, it was a matter of doubt as to whether they ought to be met by a torpedo boat or a delegation from the Lotos Club. Col. John Hay made a delightful speech. He is not so well known as an orator by the public, but the old members of the Lotos remember his occasional addresses as among the best at their dinners and receptions. Judge Gran-

ville P. Hawes was also among the guests and speakers on this occasion.

Charles G. Leland had been absent from his native land for a number of years, but the popularity of the author of "Hans Breitmann" had not faded. His poems in the Dutch dialect were read by everybody. Mr. Hepworth Dixon recited them with great effect to some friends on the occasion of his visit to America, and they were often given in the club by professional reciters. Mr. Leland was given a reception on his return from England, March 31st, 1880. No more wholesome nature or manly character could be found in the world of literary men than Charles G. Leland, and when he sat down to dinner at the Lotos he was surrounded by all the best that the club could summon to greet him. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the president, paid a fine tribute to the literary men of Philadelphia, naming Horace Howard Furniss, George H. Boker, Henry C. Carey, Henry C. Lea, Rebecca Harding Davis and others. Mr. Leland told some Irish anecdotes to illustrate the good memory of his friends in recollecting him after his long absence; one of the Irishman whose immediate ancestors had been absent from the country for two hundred years, but he had so kept the features of his race that his relatives had immediately known him by the "illigant resimblance to the family." Mr. Leland said: "That I am still known in America has touched me more than anything else." Gen. Horace Porter, who can

speaking for himself or for any good cause on any occasion, was called upon to speak for the Pennsylvania Dutchman, which he did by giving a description of an attempt to use his Pennsylvania dialect upon the original Germans. It struck home when Gen. Porter tried it on a railway official, who flung a look and a sentence in German at him which he had not forgotten. Then the official addressed him in English, and asked him what "tam fine kind of German" that was which he was speaking. Prentice Mulford, Chauncey M. Depew and Dr. Macdonald also entertained the company with remarks.

The events in connection with the Panama Canal project had brought Count Ferdinand De Lesseps to New York this year, 1880, and his appearance then was by no means youthful. There was, however, an easy self-possession and facility which showed his mental and physical vigor. M. De Lesseps, attended by his engineers and secretaries and Lieutenant Bonaparte Wyse, were entertained at dinner at the Lotos Club on the 28th of February. Among other guests on this occasion were Levi P. Morton, Nathan Appleton, of Boston, Herr Dirks, Consul General Breuil, F. F. Marbury, Paul Du Chaillu and Chief Justice Daly. Mr. Reid, the president, in his speech of welcome said: "We extend our hospitality to a great man who has done a great work to the world and married the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. We drink to this wonderful young-old man, who, after

seventy-five years of such a career, is still seeking for new worlds to conquer." Count De Lesseps, who had spent so much of his life in Egypt, referred to the emblem of the Lotos, the Egyptian flower, saying that under its shade he found rest and repose. He explained that his great desire was to interest the American people in his great scheme of cutting the Isthmus of Panama. Nathan Appleton, who was a promoter of this great enterprise, made a most interesting speech. If the Lotos Club could have aided in any way to bring about the success of Count De Lesseps' enterprise by drowning its promoters in champagne and apostrophizing them in eloquent periods, it stood up worthily to its work. At the conclusion of the entertainment, Count De Lesseps rose and said: "I wish to reply to the generous and broad views of the speakers. The opponents I have had are two—the people and the Isthmus. One of these I have conquered, and the other I will fight as long as I live in the interest of commerce, progress and civilization."

The club celebrated its tenth anniversary by a dinner on the 28th of March, at which the presidents of eleven other city clubs were guests. At this dinner Mr. Reid gave a brief sketch of the club's history. Mr. Daniel Huntington, president of the Century Club, gave an interesting account of the history of his club and paid a fine tribute to the Lotos. Joseph H. Choate, president of the Union League Club, paid his compliments to the reporters, whom he characterized

as the bane of modern society, and said that the Lotos Club excited his wonder that it had survived their constant and unintermittent attentions for so long a period. He remarked that while the club was only ten years old, he saw about him many whom he remembered as much younger men, glancing at his old friend Col. Richard Lathers. "But," he said, "we members of older clubs congratulate you on having survived all the trials, and reached this successful period of a triumphant career, which I hope is to endure as long as the Century, of which you have just heard from Mr. Daniel Huntington." After the president of the Union League had spoken, Aaron J. Vanderpoel, president of the Manhattan Club, said: "We had supposed and believed that the object of the Lotos Club was to remove to America all the relics of Egypt and the East, but it had dawned upon him since he had been in the club that it was organized for quite another object." Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall responded for the Army and Navy Club, and Mr. Edward Lauterbach for the Harmonie. Later a silver loving cup of the capacity of two quarts was passed, and there were toasts to all the clubs and a good time generally. The Lotos Club was in the best possible humor with itself.

In November, the Lotos Club entertained Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, President-elect of the United States, for the first time. It was found impossible to accommodate all the members who desired to be present. One or two of the large rooms up-

stairs were filled with those who could not find a place in the dining room and many were turned away altogether. On this account the number of invited guests was small, but it included the governor of the State and the mayor of the city. After the dinner, when the speaking began, those who had dined upstairs entered the parlors. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the president of the club, in welcoming General Grant, made an interesting and eloquent address. General Grant's speech was altogether delightful. During the five minutes which it occupied he proved entirely the truth of Mr. Reid's statement that he was able to make a speech. General Grant said: "Now in regard to the future of myself which has been alluded to here. I am entirely satisfied as I am to-day. I am not one of those who cry out against republics and charge them with being ungrateful. I have every confidence in the American people as a nation, and have every reason under the sun, if anybody has, to be satisfied with their treatment of me. I have many years yet to live. I am in vigorous health (forty-eight years of age), and have been for the last ten years, and if I can render my country any service in any way, I should certainly be very happy to do so, but as I am of the age of forty-eight years, as I say, I am beyond the period of volunteering; and if I am ever wanted in any way, I shall have to be pressed into the service. I wish to make one more remark. I have been sitting by the side of your president and have heard

Ulysses S.
Grant.

messages coming to him from all parts of the board saying that they wanted to speak. I have yet fifteen minutes of my own time left and I will consent to give it to these volunteers." General Grant was followed by Governor Cornell, Mayor Edward Cooper, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, General Horace Porter and Mr. Isaac H. Bromley. Dr. Montrose Palen, who had been the subject of unjust accusation during the war, made a very eloquent speech, paying a great tribute to General Grant for the just and considerate treatment which he had received from him, and expressing the sentiment of the whole club of respect, admiration and gratitude for his great military services to his country. The occasion was a memorable one in the club's history. General Grant was called upon again and again for a speech and was greeted with unbounded enthusiasm. At its conclusion he slyly remarked: "I should think, after the experience of this evening, you would not ask me again."

On January 30th, 1881, the club entertained the new mayor, Mr. William R. Grace, and ex-Mayor Edward Cooper. The gathering of the members of the club and their friends was large. Noah Brooks presided, and speeches were made by ex-Mayor Cooper, William Dowd, Judges Richard O. Gorman and Noah Davis, Dr. A. E. Macdonald and Chauncey M. Depew. Mayor Grace made some very happy remarks at this dinner. He said: "While I believe in party government, as a true way to fix responsibility, yet I do not believe in considering

William R.
Grace.

measures proposed for the State's government from a mere partisan point of view. I am convinced that men of all parties should unite in earnest and honest effort to secure for the city the right of self-government, and to protect all rights provided to corporations from interference from without. We would thus be enabled to manage our own affairs." Mr. Dowd, the defeated candidate, was very happy in his response. He said: "I am thoroughly satisfied with the way things are going on. My family hates Grace. We are deliberating in my house whether we shall permit 'Grace' to be said any more. I hope a kind Providence will look over you and permit the streets to become navigable." (The streets at this time were in a very bad condition, as they have been frequently since.)

Commander Gorringe, who had successfully landed the Egyptian Obelisk, which now stands in Central Park, was entertained at dinner at the Lotos Club on the 27th of February. As the Obelisk was regarded as very dear to the hearts of the artists as well as to antiquarians, Mr. F. A. Bridgeman, the artist, was associated with him as a guest; also Mr. Daniel Huntington. T. Addison Richards, J. H. Beard, J. F. Cropsey and other artists were invited to meet them. Commander

**Comman-
der
Gorringe.** Gorringe said that he was in the habit of making his speeches through a speaking trumpet. He said: "Some, I am sure, have found great fault with me for having brought this monument from Egypt at all. The

way it happened was this. Some years ago the Khedive proposed to the merchants of Alexandria that if they would subscribe half the cost of removing it from its dangerous position in the city, he would pay the other half. He could not find a merchant in Alexandria who would subscribe one dollar to remove it. When an enterprising American asked him for it, he said: 'You may take it, for if you don't it will fall into the sea, and I don't want to see it broken.'" Other speeches were made properly appreciating the work of Commander Gorringe, and also some delightful artistic reminiscences were listened to from Daniel Huntington and others. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew spoke for Mr. William H. Vanderbilt, who had paid the expense of bringing the Obelisk to this country.

Sir Henry Parkes, Prime Minister of New South Wales, was entertained by the Lotos Club at dinner on the 18th of February, 1882. Tributes were paid to the guest of the evening by the president of the club, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, Gen. Horace

Sir Henry
Parkes.

Porter, Thomas R. Pickering, late United States Minister to the Australian Exposition. Mr. Reid said, in proposing the health of Sir Henry Parkes, that his personal career was so thoroughly like many of our most successful men that he might almost call him more American than the Americans. Sir Henry Parkes made an excellent speech. He closed by saying: "I am one of those who thoroughly believe in the Anglo-Saxon race." Mr. Pickering

said, "The hospitality that has surprised Sir Henry Parkes in America is, I am sure, merely a reflection of his own character and of his fellow citizens in New South Wales, as I know by experience." Gen. Porter, as usual, gave the right tone of levity and sincerity to his remarks which made them most delightful to listen to. Among other things he said: "One of the greatest products of New South Wales is sheep, I hear. Sir Henry Parkes might learn something of shearing the woolly members of the flock, however, from Wall Street men, although they are more acquainted with colic than with the bucolics, and are only sure of the fact that hydraulic rams produce watered stock."

At the annual election this year, 1882, the following officers were elected: President, Whitelaw Reid; First Vice-President, Dr. A. E. Macdonald; Second Vice-President, Gen. Horace Porter; Secretary, Thomas W. Knox; Treasurer, Frederick B. Noyes; Directors, Douglas Taylor, Richard Lathers, William E. Webb, John T. Hand, A. F. Tait, Montague Marks, John A. Foley and Henry A. Marriott. The club was in a very prosperous condition. The list of resident members was at its constitutional limit, namely, four hundred, and the non-resident membership quite large. There was also a good balance in bank and numerous applications for membership.

On May 7th, 1882, Mr. William T. Carleton, an old and honored member of the Lotos, was entertained at dinner by many of his friends in the

club. It was a most delightful occasion. Mr. Carleton sang the "Village Blacksmith" and selections from "Patience." It was specially interesting as a gathering of old members.

Mr. Bronson Howard, whose successful career as a dramatist began with the production of the play of "Saratoga" in 1870, about the date of his joining the Lotos Club, was entertained at

**Bronson
Howard.**

dinner with his friend and brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Wyndham, the English comedian, who was about to begin his third professional tour in this country. Among those present were Lester Wallack, C. H. Webb, Dr. L. L. Seaman, Brander Matthews, Gen. Rush C. Hawkins, John T. Raymond, S. S. Packard, A. Wright Sanford, Oscar Wilde, George Clarke, Samuel Shethar, John T. Hand and David Scott. Mr. Howard was one of the most popular members. He had succeeded by dint of sheer ability and hard work. In response to the toast of his health, he said: "My fellow members and other friends here: I have never at any time in my life realized so many causes for pride as I feel this evening. In the first place, as a member of the Lotos since 1871, I remember wondering whether I should ever do anything for which my fellow members here should feel called upon to extend such an honor as this to me. Another source of pride is my connection with New York journalism and with the 'New York Tribune.' I remember on the night before my first success, 'Saratoga,' I felt dizzy, and Mr. Reid asked me into his sanctum

to lie down upon the sofa. Our lamented friend Bayard Taylor was talking with Mr. Reid, and as I lay half dozing, I heard him say that in looking back over his past life he knew of nothing that had given him better experience as a literary man, that had done more to develop whatever brain power he had since exercised, than his experience in editorial work, and I now in a more humble way can say the same thing, although I never had any such responsible work as Bayard Taylor, or any such salary." Mr. Charles Wyndham was not only an actor who had played in this country, but he had been a surgeon in the army during the war—facts which were referred to by Mr. Reid in his brief introduction. Mr. Wyndham responded, paying hearty tribute to Mr. Lester Wallack as a manager and an actor. Mr. Lester Wallack and Mr. Oscar Wilde also made speeches. Mr. Wilde had the bad taste to seize the opportunity to abuse the American press, but the refreshing manner of Mr. Reid in his subsequent references to Mr. Wilde turned the matter into a subject of general mirth. Mr. John T. Raymond, toward the close of the evening, recited Col. John Hay's poem "Banty Tim," with great effect.

The club next had the pleasure of entertaining a distinguished artist, Mr. Francis Seymour Haden, the English etcher. A collection of fifty-five frames containing from one to four etchings each of Mr. Haden was displayed in the gallery. The etchings were loaned by Mr. Frederick Keppel, and the

Francis
Seymour
Haden.

collection was said to be the largest in America. Mr. Haden said he could not have gotten together such a large collection himself. A very delightful party gathered to meet Mr. Haden, including nearly all the artists and artist etchers, as well as amateurs and collectors. Mr. Whitelaw Reid introduced Mr. Haden, who, in his response, gave an interesting account of his impressions of the country. He said if he had not known that he was in America, he should have thought he was in the Tagus, Portugal. The color and character of the scenery were very similar, and New York, which he saw in the distance, reminded him very much of Lisbon. The city impressed Mr. Haden as a sort of Paris with practical ways about it. The colors, however, were Dutch. In coming to America, Mr. Haden said in conclusion, "My great aim is to illustrate the engraver's art as practiced by the old masters, which is commonly called painter engraving." Mr. Haden's etchings were examined with added interest from the presence and with the assistance of the artist. This reception in honor of Mr. Haden brought together a number of eminent men of the medical profession, of which Mr. Haden was an honored member.

Despite a fire and very serious damage to the club in the morning, in which several paintings were destroyed, the club gave an art reception and exhibition on November 26th. At the reception, no evidences of the fire were visible, otherwise than in the case of a few paintings, which

were blistered and somewhat defaced. A fine portrait of Mr. Peter Cooper by W. M. Chase, owned by Mrs. Abram S. Hewitt, and pictures of Carolus Duran and J. W. Alexander were the only pictures which were seriously injured.

On January 13th, 1883, Mr. Franklin Edson, the newly elected Mayor of the city, was entertained in company with ex-Mayor William R. Grace and Mayor Seth Low, of Brooklyn.

Mr. Edson in response to the toast of his health, said: "In tendering you my hearty and sincere thanks, I express but feebly the gratitude I feel to you, gentlemen of the Lotos Club, for establishing this time-honored custom of completing the inauguration of the new mayor of the city. There is no city in the world in which the acts of the executive are so apt to be misunderstood, or if understood, so apt to be misconstrued, as in the city of New York." The mayor continued, giving his views of the possibilities of his position and the limitations of his power. He was followed by ex-Mayor Grace and Mayor Low, of Brooklyn, both discussing municipal affairs from a point of view of knowledge and experience and both giving suggestions of great practical utility to the new incomer to office. Gen. Horace Porter, Chauncey M. Depew and Aaron J. Vanderpoel continued to discuss and enliven it with many brilliant and picturesque remarks. President Reid closed the entertaining discussion by expressing the hope that Mayor Edson might not prove so bad an officer as had

been expected and that he might go out of office bearing with him universal respect and the warm congratulations that were given to his retiring predecessor. As usual after a Mayor's dinner, the speeches were the subject of unlimited comments in the newspapers. For this reason probably the inauguration dinners at the Lotos Club had come to be looked upon as part of the necessary ceremonial of the assumption of the office.

About eighty members of the Lotos Club had gathered at an informal dinner on the 15th of April, 1883, which was originally intended to be a sort of reunion. Joseph Medill, editor of the "Chicago Tribune" and ex-mayor of Chicago, came in about nine o'clock. About an hour afterward Dr. Fordyce Barker and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes appeared. These gentlemen had just arrived from the house of Cyrus W. Field, by whom a dinner had been given in honor of Dr. Holmes. The members of the club rose to their feet as Dr. Holmes entered, and continued cheering until he

**Oliver
Wendell
Holmes.**

had taken his place at the president's side, when he bowed his acknowledgment and took his seat. After a few moments spent in general conversation, the company was called to order and the distinguished guests were presented by Mr. Reid to those assembled. Dr. Holmes responded in a charming speech, which he asked the reporters not to print. At this late day it may not be amiss to give a portion of Dr. Holmes's remarks. He said: "The best thing I can do in answer to this wholly unex-

pected reception is to speak to you from my heart, such words as come to my lips. I have been staggered, I have been stunned, by my reception in New York. I had no idea, not a thought for the moment of rising to-night, and you really do not know what a helpless creature you have before you. I never trust myself on an occasion of this sort, without, like the ancient Briton, bringing a shield to hold up before me ; for generally about this time I slip my hand into my pocket and draw out something that looks very much like a little copy of verses. In thinking of what I should say, I would bring a few reminiscences of the Saturday Club, of Boston, to which, for the last twenty-five years, I have belonged. It has been in its time a very instructive assemblage of men. At one end of the table always sat Longfellow, with his sweet, benignant, classic countenance. It was a mild, kind, natural light, for he was a man lovely to look upon and listen to ; but as compared with the other end of the table he was moonlight with the flashing of the meteor, for there was the round, hearty, athletic form of Agassiz, with that splendid laugh, and of all the gifts to a man at a table perhaps a good laugh, aided by a tolerable corporation, is the most effective thing in the long run, and Agassiz's laugh used to ring from the other end of the table. That was for twenty years we had this. Then we had Mr. Emerson with his mild, critical, observing look, always almost in his place. Then we would have our great mathematician Peirce sitting there. Then we had Lowell, full of satirical wit, and full

of knowledge and information also. Then we had my beautiful friend Motley, one of the finest-looking creatures that ever was in the world, and who interested everybody. Sometimes he came in among us, then rarely, but once in a while Hawthorne sat among us. I used to get near to him if I could. Mr. Tom Appleton, some of you know the name almost as well as you know the name of Travers, isn't it? That is the man you have here in New York, I believe." At this point Dr. Holmes discovered the reporters, and exclaimed: "Oh, my! I don't want to be reported." He continued: "So much for the Saturday Club. It was one of the greatest privileges of my life to meet with them. Met once a month. It was an economical club. But I tell you what that club was to me in the feeling that doubtless this club is the same to many of you. It was a gamut of human intelligence. There, I knew I could touch the note I wanted and find its chord. In all my experience with the Saturday Club throughout a quarter of a century, I do not remember anything of a formal or stuck-up character except on two occasions. Now, gentlemen, I have said all that I ought and a great deal more. I could only add that at the period of life at which I have arrived, it is naturally a very gratifying thing. I expect nothing more like this reception so long as I live. It never will be repeated. Never can be repeated. It is an unparalleled thing. I go home with my heart full—not only of New York associations but of American associations. I am here in a repre-

sentative city, and I know that if there are kind hearts here, I shall find them everywhere." A few things are omitted here, but this is the substance and covers almost everything that Dr. Holmes said on this occasion, and there is certainly nothing which he would object to see in print were he living to-day. A poem by Edmund C. Stedman, written for Dr. Holmes's birthday, was then read by Mr. A. P. Burbank. Brief addresses were made by Hon. Joseph Medill, R. Swain Gifford, Dr. Macdonald, and Junius Henri Browne.

Henry Irving, who had made such a success in England in the character of Charles the First, paid his first visit to America in the fall of 1883. The first recognition of Mr. Irving's presence in

Henry
Irving.

America was a dinner tendered to him by the Lotos Club on April 27th. One hundred and forty members and guests were present. Behind Mr. Irving was an easel, on which rested his portrait in the character of Shylock. Among others present were: Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, William J. Florence, Bram Stoker, Joseph Hatton, R. W. Gilder, Frank R. Lawrence, Robert Laird Collier, Dr. Fordyce Barker and Gen. Winslow. President Whitelaw Reid gave the guest of the evening a hearty welcome. In response to the toast in his honor, Mr. Irving made a very interesting speech, referring, in a happy manner, to the circumstances of his first appearance in America, and to many of his contemporaries. Among other things he said: "Our

art is cosmopolitan. Every actor has his own methods and every painter his own method and every writer his style. The best actor among us has a great deal to learn. It is only at the end of his career that he can find how short his life and how long his art. London is now talking of your great tragedian, Booth, and your great comedian, Jefferson. I hate the words tragedian and comedian, but call them actors. Mr. McCullough and Clark and my friends Florence and Raymond have had among us the heartiest of welcomes." He was followed by Joseph Jefferson, Chauncey M. Depew, Gen. Porter and others. Gen. Porter referred to our familiarity with the name of Irving in America, and the welcome which Henry Irving was sure to get from the land of Washington Irving. Dr. Robert Laird Collier, of Chicago, told a humorous story of Western life. Mr. Jefferson quoted Charles Lamb's saying that there were only two classes in the world, one the poor and the other the rich. And so there were two classes of speech makers, one portion born to get into it and the other to get out of it. He belonged to the latter, but would do it cheerfully. He then said some very pleasant things of Mr. Irving. Mr. Irving said that the only complaint he had to make of Mr. Reid was for his intimation that he reminded him of Oscar Wilde. Mr. A. Oakey Hall made a witty speech. Among the interesting pictures on the walls of the Lotos Club, exhibited for the first time this evening, was a very fine landscape called

“Forest and Stream,” by Joseph Jefferson. If Mr. Jefferson had not been born to be a great actor, he would certainly have been a great painter. During the intervals of his professional duties he has devoted himself entirely to painting, and he is known as one of the best connoisseurs in the United States.

Mr. George Augustus Sala, of the “London Telegraph,” while on his way to Australia, spent a few days in New York in January, 1885. The Lotos Club took advantage of his presence to entertain him at a dinner, which took place on the 10th of January. Mr. Sala was personally well known to many of those present, and it was to him like a great gathering of his American friends. Among those present were President Whitelaw Reid, Lawrence Barrett, Horace White, Lester Wallack, S. S. Packard, Francis S. Smith, Henry L. Alden, Frank R. Lawrence, Chauncey M. Depew, Algernon S. Sullivan, Henry W. Cannon, Gen. Horace Porter and Joseph Pulitzer. Mr. Sala spoke in clear, resonant tones and in a delightful vein, in response to the pleasant introduction of the president of the club. He gave an account of his first visit to America during the war twenty years before, when he had made the mistake, in common with hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, of thinking that the Union had been destroyed, and that henceforth the United States was to be no longer one nation. His apology was accepted. No one could quarrel with such a bluff, hearty, honest Eng-

George
Augustus
Sala.

lishman as George A. Sala. His speech was full of happy reminiscences. Mr. Sala corrected the statement that he came here to try and make some money in the United States, saying: "Bless your hearts and souls, gentlemen of the Lotos Club, I assure you that I have no such idea." Following Mr. Sala, Mr. Depew delivered a genuine oration, in which he paid a splendid tribute to the guest, and among other things, said: "I have thought as I sat here to-night what a congregation it would be if all the eminent men who have been received by the Lotos Club were gathered in one room. It would be an intellectual kaleidoscope that at every turn would illustrate and present the best form of genius. We have received here these men who, in letters, in arms, and in statesmanship, have illustrated all that is greatest and grandest of our time in this and other countries. And the receptions which have marked our history would illustrate the manner in which in one sense the country which our guest represents sought to capture this great and growing empire. . . . But while we could resist her armies and her navies, while we could withstand the metrical and musical assaults of her Sullivans and her Gilberts, there is a point that we feel that there is a necessity of our not surrendering—that is, when the British lecturer appears." Hon. Joseph Pulitzer, Horace Porter and Mr. Winter made brief addresses, and Mr. Sala made a second speech, which was very fine and full of good feeling. Mr. E. C. Stedman made some amusing

comparisons of London and New York, as these must have forced themselves upon Mr. Sala, so known for "his grip upon facts and impressions."

Francis S. Smith was an old and valued member of the club. For many years he had edited a popular weekly journal and had written and published his own stories and poems. He had been

the architect of his own fortune, and possessed rugged strength and honesty.

Everybody liked "Brother Smith." In January, 1885, he returned from a long trip to the Pacific coast, coming by way of Portland and Yellowstone Park and doing the journey over the Sierra Nevada mountains by stage coach. Accounts of his trip had reached the club, and when he arrived a dinner was gotten up for him of a unique character. The dining room was festooned with buffalo skins, bows and arrows, interspersed with spears and guns and heads and horns of deer and buffaloes. Caricatures of Mr. Smith, posing as an Indian with war paint and weapons, and everything suggestive of a bloody campaign, decorated the walls. The dinner took place January 17th. The whole thing was an inspiration, and the surprise and delight of the guest was a great treat to witness. A few of the participants were Frank R. Lawrence, George A. Frink, Col. Knox, Frank Robinson, A. P. Burbank, Dr. Montrose Pallen, John A. Foley and Edward Moran.

On January 25th, 1885, Hon. William R. Grace, the new Mayor, and ex-Mayor Franklin Edson, were the guests of the club. At this dinner a

very large number of prominent city officials of all shades of political opinion, commissioners, judges, lawyers and journalists, were present. Mayor Grace made a weighty and interesting address in response to a toast in his honor proposed by President Reid. Mr. Depew, following out the suggestions of the Mayor, spoke at length of the necessity of so amending the laws as to give the chief executive of the city greater powers in the matters of appointments and control. Later in the evening the gathering was enlivened by a highly humorous speech by Mr. Rollin M. Squire, whose career as Commissioner of Public Works was so suggestive of Gilbert and Sullivan on the stage of municipal life. Hon. Elihu Root, United States District Attorney, made an eloquent speech near the close of the dinner.

The death of William Appleton, Jr., February 15th, at Albany, at the early age of 37, was the cause of sincere sorrow. Mr. Appleton had been treasurer of the club, and was one of the most popular of the circle of fine young business men, which included Albert Hall, John T. Hand, the brothers Charles Hathaway and William E. Webb, Fred. B. Noyes, T. B. Shoff, David Scott and others of the early members.

On the election of Mr. William M. Evarts as Senator, he was honored with a dinner at the Lotos. Mr. Evarts had often been a guest of the club at receptions and entertainments in honor of distinguished foreigners, and it was esteemed a privilege by the members to join in a tribute to

him. Among those who gathered to greet Mr. Evarts were the president, Mr. Whitelaw Reid; the vice-presidents, Gen. Horace Porter and Frank R. Lawrence; Aaron J. Vanderpoel, Samuel Plimsoll, the English member of Parliament so famous in connection with English shipping and English seamanship; Chauncey M. Depew, Edwards Pierrepont, John A. Foley, Eugene Stevenson, Samuel Shethar, Dr. Norman W. Kingsley, Abraham Kling, George H. Story and W. Hart Smith. The speeches at this dinner were delightful. That of Gen. Horace Porter was especially eloquent and amusing. "Our party," he said, "ought to pull some feathers from the wings of the fancy and stick them into the tail of its judgment." Speaking of Mr. Evarts, Gen. Porter said, "The only reason he had not been elected as Judge instead of a Senator was that the evil classes combined against him in fear of his long sentences." Mr. Reid made a very felicitous introduction. Mr. Evarts said in his reply, "I have never been able to understand the Lotos Club. I know that you have no debt; and that shows of course that you have no credit. I know that you have no wealth; and I know that poverty in this world is the best incentive to genius and growth; but these traits have marked many men and many associations; and I have looked to find the charm that has made you the most popular, most prosperous, most charming, most useful, the most graceful and the most powerful association in this city."

William
M. Evarts.

Mr. Reid's reference to Mr. Depew, "Whatever happens to Depew, we have one Senator now," excited great laughter. In responding to a toast, Mr. Depew said: "If the success of this club is due to the fact, as Mr. Evarts says, that it has no principles, then it is evident he was designed by nature to be a charter member of our organization." General Porter said that "This dinner is another proof of the eminent wisdom of tendering dinners to distinguished candidates after, rather than before election."

The distinguished Austrian actor, Herr Sonnenthal, was given a reception on the evening of March 15th, 1885, on which occasion there was an unusually interesting art exhibition, for which a large collection of the Barye bronzes were loaned by Messrs. Cyrus J. Lawrence, Robert Hoe, Jr., and W. Baumgarten. On this occasion also, Dr. Norman W. Kingsley, the dentist and amateur sculptor, presented to the club a bronze bust of Whitelaw Reid of very great excellence.

Very funny things often happened in the Lotos Club. During several years it was stirred up by that practical joker, George Crouch. Crouch was a power in the old days of Gould and Fisk in the Erie wars. Whenever he saw a

George
Crouch.

chance to play a practical joke, the temptation was irresistible and he never properly considered the consequences. At one of the elections, when the opposition party was rather too large for him, he drew up a paper in the form of an injunction, sent it in by a police-

man, got it read, made no end of trouble and some expense before the election was allowed to proceed.

A distinguished statesman died a few years ago, and next day the members of the club were informed that his remains were lying in state in the large room up stairs. The light was too dim for a close inspection, and it was not until a late hour in the afternoon that it was discovered to be a deception, merely a coffin-shaped structure with a cloth thrown over it, and the well-known mask of Shakespeare that hangs in a frame upon the Lotos Club walls arranged to look like a deceased person. The author was never discovered.

When Auguste Bartholdi, the French sculptor of the great statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island, first visited this country, he was entertained on September 16th, 1876, at the Lotos Club. He had just finished the statue of Lafayette which adorns Union Square. His great project of the statue of

**Auguste
Bartholdi.**

Liberty then engrossed him, and how to realize it was the dream of his existence. He received warm encouragement and sympathy from members of the Lotos, and when he came to this country in 1885, among the first to greet him were representatives of this club. On the 14th of November he was entertained at dinner in the club house. His name was now as familiar to Americans as any of their own citizens. A distinguished company gathered to meet Mr. Bartholdi, and he was received with unbounded enthusiasm. In his response to the greeting of

the president, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, he (Bartholdi) said: "You are the first society by whom I have been received, and I recognize among you many whom I had the pleasure of meeting nine years ago. At that time I had here the advantage of making some powerful friends when it was necessary to me to be assisted. Since that time we have had many difficulties, which have all been overcome. I shall take only my share of the cordial feeling you manifest, and shall report to my countrymen and the friends of whom I am the representative." In the absence of Senator Evarts, Mr. Richard Butler responded for the pedestal committee, and was followed by the Hon. Joseph Pulitzer, who, through his great newspaper, the "World," had done so much to secure voluntary contributions from the people at large for the preparation of Bedloe's Island and the erection of the pedestal for the great statue. Gen. Horace Porter, Frederick R. Coudert and Chauncey M. Depew also paid eloquent tributes to the distinguished French guest. Mr. Bartholdi had won a high place in public estimation by his sincere and successful efforts to strengthen the ties which bind America to France, and by his own exalted character and talents: In conclusion Mr. George Alfred Townsend recited a spirited poem.

Lieutenant, now General, A. W. Greely, the famous Arctic explorer, was the guest of the Lotos Club on January 16th, 1886. Vice-President Horace Porter presided, and among the guests were

Chief Engineer Melville, of the Jeannette expedition; Com. Winfield Scott Schley, who commanded the expedition which rescued Lieutenant Greely. Lieut. Greely and party; Chief Justice Charles P. Daly; Gen. C. F. Winston and Judge Richard O'Gorman. Gen. Porter paid a high tribute to the courage and heroism of Lieut. Greely. In his response Lieut. Greely said: "It was a mistake to suppose that the expedition went to seek a northwest passage. It went for scientific work. There were only twenty-five men in the expedition, and only \$25,000 to pay expenses; but they had gone forward in the name of science, and had done their best." He spoke in high praise of Lieut. Lockwood, who went further north and further west than any other man. Speaking of their trials, he said: "They lay for five months in the dark, and although three men were together in one bag, they could not see each other's faces for a week at a time." Judge Daly said that no Arctic expedition had been commanded with greater ability. The sledge journey of Brainerd and Lockwood to Cape Washington was a greater one than ever before accomplished. Com. Schley and Chief Engineer Melville made interesting speeches. Com. Schley said: "Like Greely, I came back from the Arctic regions very charitable, realizing that those who are capable of judging Arctic explorers are those who have had similar experiences. When I found Greely he had a short lease of life, but the first man of the party that I met staggered to his feet and saluted.

It was to its preservation of discipline that the safety of that party was due." Speaking of the endurance of man, Engineer Melville said: "I believe that man is the greatest animal on the face of the earth, and can endure more; and with men like American sailors, it is no telling what we can do." The last toast was to Dr. Ames, of the navy, who accompanied the relief expedition.

Alexander Henderson, the English manager, Major Charles E. Pease, H. G. Brooks and Moses Mitchell, the well known broker, old and popular members of the Lotos Club, died this year, 1886. There were now only twenty-eight of the original members left in the club.

Mr. Wilson Barrett, the English actor, was entertained at dinner on the 10th of October at the Lotos Club. Mr. Barrett paid a high tribute to American actors, whose performances he had witnessed, who, he said, showed great and exceptional ability. American companies would compare in ensemble and general fitness with those of any theaters in England or on the Continent. He then gave his first histrionic effort in America, reciting Will Carleton's poem, "Gone with a Handsomer Man."

On November 28th Henry M. Stanley was entertained at dinner for a second time. Mr. Stanley sitting on the right of the president, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and Major A. W. Greely, the Arctic explorer, on the left. It was fourteen years since Stanley had first been entertained at the Lotos Club, fresh from his discovery of Living-

stone. Time had only added polish and dignity to his appearance. His hair was still dark, his mustache worn in the French style and his military air made him look like a French marshal. The speeches of Mr. Stanley and Major Greely were of the most interesting character, crammed full of information and stories of their adventures. Mr. Stanley had just returned from Congo land, where he had been commissioned by the King of the Belgians as a sort of viceroy, and where his expenses amounted to \$700,000 per year. Gen. Horace Porter, Chauncey M. Depew, Algernon S. Sullivan and Col. Richard Lathers were among the other speakers.

Lester Wallack, the Dean of the American theatrical profession, and one of the most accomplished of a distinguished family of actors, was a well-known figure at the entertainments of the Lotos. He was the intimate friend and manager of many of the actor-members. On the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the elder Wallack's theater in New York, on December 18th, 1887, Mr. Lester Wallack was entertained at dinner. One hundred gentlemen, whose names were known in every circle of artistic proclivities, joined in this tribute. It was like the entertainment of a dear friend at a big family party. Mr. Whitelaw Reid presided. Mr. Wallack sat on his right and Mr. John Gilbert on his left. Among those present were Judge John R. Brady, Messrs. A. M. Palmer, Augustin Daly, Steele Mackaye, William Winter, Hon.

Lester
Wallack.

Watson C. Squire, John Russell Young, Chandos Fulton, Col. E. C. James, Edward Moran and Arthur Wallack. In toasting the guest of the evening, the president referred to the long and honorable career of the Wallack family from the days of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the greatest theatrical manager England had had since Shakespeare, who had engaged the elder Wallack in his Drury Lane company. When the elder Wallack opened his theater in New York he called it the National and subsequently Wallack's. It started in lower Broadway. In fifty years it gradually moved upward to Thirtieth Street and kept close to the heart of New York all the time. In conclusion, Mr. Reid said: "Combining in himself the gifts of a finished actor and most careful manager and a successful writer of plays, he (Wallack) gathered about him a company long without a rival, and whose members served him with a sympathetic zeal drawn largely from his inspiring comradeship." The enthusiasm with which Mr. Wallack was received when he rose to respond recalled the warm greetings that had often been bestowed upon him in his own theater. Mr. Wallack said many happy things; among the rest, he said: "I presume you must have seen in my past career something to deserve the honor you have done me. I have pride in knowing that Wallack's theater has counted among its artists some of the best and most eminent, and, I will say, the most loved of American actors and actresses. Some remain, one sitting at this table rich in years

and in honor, my old comrade, my friend in art, John Gilbert." Mr. Wallack was followed by John Gilbert in a most touching and sympathetic address, in which he referred to the twenty-five years in which he had occupied delightful relations with Mr. Wallack in the histrionic field, how many times he had been "his son, his nephew and his indulgent father." Judge Brady delivered a delightful speech full of witty remarks, saying to Mr. Wallack: "May you be six months in heaven before the devil knows you are dead." William Winter paid a great tribute to Mr. Wallack as an actor and manager, and closed by reading a beautiful poem.

On January 29th, 1888, the club entertained Morgan J. O'Brien, an old member, who had recently been elected Justice of the Supreme Court. This dinner was the occasion of a large gathering of members of the bar. Judge Barrett, ex-Judge Hilton and Judge Brady made speeches very complimentary to the guest of the evening. Gen. Porter said: "If we want good men in office in this city, why should not all the officers be selected from the Lotos Club?" Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia, brought the proceedings to a close by eloquently reciting an Irish story.

Early in the following year Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who had been president of the club for the past fourteen years, resigned, in order to accept the mission to France, and at the annual election in March, 1889, Mr. Frank R. Lawrence was elected to succeed him. On the 27th of April Mr. Reid was



FRANK R. LAWRENCE.

Photo by Fredericks.

given a farewell dinner by the Lotos Club. The house was unable to contain the members and guests who crowded to do him honor. Mr. Lawrence, the new president, acted as chairman, and among the guests were Hon. Charles A. Dana, Hon. William M. Evarts, ex-Senator Warner Miller, Frank Hiscock, Col. Elliott F. Shepard and William Winter. Mr. Lawrence, in his speech, paid a high tribute to his predecessor in office, whose loyalty and eminent services to the club were worthily commemorated. In his response Mr. Reid said: "The Lotos Club has always been the home where friends surrounded and constant good will pursued me." He made a hearty acknowledgment of the constant kindness and consideration which he had received from his fellow citizens of New York, and the value which he placed upon the approval which his appointment as Minister had met with from the entire press of the city. This indorsement of his fellow workers was to him a priceless remembrance. He then paid a brilliant tribute to the land of France, quoting Dr. Holmes's beautiful rhymes:

Whitelaw
Reid.

The land of sunshine and of song,
Her name your hearts divine,
To her this banquet's vows belong,
Whose breasts have poured its wine.

Our trusty friend, our true ally,
Through varied change and chance;
So fill your flashing goblets high,
I give you, Vive la France!

Mr. Reid was followed by Chauncey M. Depew, who made a brilliant address, in which he said: "There is nothing in this world that amounts to much unless it have a paradox; and the paradox of to-night is that the old friends and associates of Mr. Reid are here in the wildest hilarity, the very extreme joy, to bid him good-by. We bid him good-by with joy; we say hail and farewell with happiness, because he has received a decoration which is an honor to him, and we know that at the end of the four years he will come back." That popular and excellent representative of France, Viscount d'Abzac, was introduced by Mr. Lawrence, and made a delightful speech, assuring Mr. Reid of the cordiality with which he would be received by the Republic of France as the representative of the United States. Mr. Evarts made an elaborate address, and brief speeches were made by Col. John A. Cockerill, Gen. Horace Porter, Senator Hiscock, ex-Senator Warner Miller and Col. Elliott F. Shepard, the editor of the "Evening Mail."

The collection of portraits owned by the club had become large and interesting. Hubert Herkomer had painted Mr. Whitelaw Reid. Felix Moschelles had presented to the club an admirable portrait of President Frank R. Lawrence. Jan V. Chelminski had painted a portrait of Vice-President Gen. Horace Porter, on horseback, in full uniform, leading a brigade on the march. George H. Story had painted Mr. John Gilbert. There were excellent portrait busts of W. J. Florence and

of Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, the latter presented by the sculptor, Launt Thompson. There were also crayon portraits of John Brougham, John McCullough, as Othello, Col. Thomas W. Knox, and many framed photographs and engravings of famous actors and authors, as well as plaster casts of Charles Dickens, Artemus Ward (Charles F. Browne), Lawrence Barrett, T. W. Robertson and John T. Raymond.

Mr. George Fawcett Rowe, who was distinguished both as an artist in water colors and as an actor, and who had given many pictures to the club, died in August of this year. His "Micawber" will not soon be forgotten. It ranked with Mr. Jefferson's Caleb Plummer and Mr. Florence's Capt. Cuttle. Mr. Rowe was greatly esteemed both as an actor and as a man by his fellow members.

The Kendals paid a visit to America for the first time in the fall of 1889. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were the guests of the Lotos Club at the ladies' reception, which took place October 28th. Mrs. Kendal's fair English face was wreathed in smiles to greet the ladies who crowded the club parlors to meet her. There was the ad-

Mr. & Mrs.
Kendal.

ditional attraction of a fine exhibition of paintings. Among those who gathered to meet Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were Gen. William T. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Jefferson and Mr. and Mrs. Bronson Howard.

On the 23d of March, 1890, the Lotos Club celebrated its twentieth anniversary. The gathering

was a numerous one, and included nearly all the members of the year 1870 who were still left. Among expressions of regret was a dispatch from Minister Whitelaw Reid. The souvenir menu contained four photo-engravings of scenes in the history of the club drawn by Henry W. Ranger and Edward Moran. President Lawrence, who had recently been re-elected, made a very interesting address, and expressed the hope that when the club celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary it would be in a home of its own, a hope which has been realized. Judge Gedney, who enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest member, made an eloquent speech, drawing upon his recollections of old days and old comrades, and exciting great interest and much feeling. Col. Robert Ingersoll made an eloquent speech, almost pathetic in its earnestness, but so full of admiration of all the noble spirits who had been received and welcomed and listened to in the club, in so broad and masterful a style, that its effect was most impressive. Speeches were also made by Col. Knox, Senator Squire, Dr. Pardee, Gen. Schofield, Noah Brooks and Capt. William Henry White.

Mr. Murat Halstead, a journalist of national reputation, who had made the Queen City of the West a center of ideas and influence as the editor of the Cincinnati "Commercial," and had found that pent-up Utica too contracted for his powers, had thrown over journalism in the West and taken up journalism in the East. There is a good deal of the Irish-

**Murat
Halstead.**

man in Mr. Halstead's aspect; one looks to find a shillelah hidden somewhere about his person, and his weather eye is always out as if expecting something to happen. He is one of the most amiable and handsomest of men. His picturesque and leonine head had become pretty familiar in past years in the corridors of the Lotos, and more than one good story is told of him and Henry Watter-son. It was considered an appropriate thing to give Mr. Halstead an official welcome; so he was entertained at dinner on the 18th of May, 1890. President Lawrence presided, and the guests included St. Clair McKelway, Horace White, Judge Brady, Moses P. Handy, Thos. L. James, Robert G. Ingersoll and Ashbel P. Fitch. Mr. Halstead was finely received. He said: "I came to this part of the world a few weeks ago with a very strange and amusing notion in my mind. I had determined to become a literary character. I was for several reasons a shade tired of being a politician. I had never been a candidate for anything in the world, but somebody would be running me for something or running after me for something nearly all the time, so I drifted to this part of the world, where I met a gentleman who thought that journalism in Brooklyn had reached that stage of development in which it was thought if I would only join I might find it to my advantage, and he believed the movement would be applauded." Mr. Halstead had become the editor of the "Standard-Union," and Mr. Lawrence called upon Mr. McKelway of the

Brooklyn "Eagle" to speak. Mr. Lawrence quoted the newspaper "Judge," which had said in its last issue, "We agree with the generally expressed opinion that St. Clair McKelway can knock out Murat Halstead in four rounds, merely stipulating that the use of adjectives shall not be forbidden. In point of fact, McKelway can talk his adversary to death and never sweat a hair." Mr. McKelway rose and proceeded to demonstrate that the writer in "Judge" had made no mistake in his estimate. The dinner broke up at midnight.

On the 19th of April Mr. Herbert Ward, one of the companions of Stanley, entertained the club with a talk on the "Cannibal Tribes of the Congo," illustrated with his own photographs and sketches. Mr. Ward was previously entertained at dinner. He was a courageous young Englishman, who had done something and had something to say. He became a popular figure at the club.

**Herbert
Ward.**

On the 8th of November, 1890, a reception and dinner was given to G. H. Boughton, the Albany artist, who had lived a long time in England, and Mr. E. S. Willard, the English actor. A great many of the old friends of Mr. Boughton were present, and the dinner, although informal, was made delightful by speeches, songs and stories. Oliver Dyer made a serious speech on poetry, which was counteracted by a humorous disquisition on the press by Mr. McKelway.

On the retirement of Judge Richard O'Gorman

from the bench of the Superior Court, he was entertained at dinner. Judge O'Gorman appreciated this compliment of his old friends very highly. He was welcomed by Frank R. Lawrence, the president, and speeches were made by Charles A. Dana, Abram S. Hewitt, Judges McAdam and Daly, who eulogized the work and life of their friend, the guest. Judge O'Gorman made one of the most eloquent speeches in response to the toasts.

Frederick Villiers, special artist and war correspondent of the London "Graphic," gave an interesting illustrated lecture on "Vicissitudes of Campaigning," on the 7th of March, taking his audience with him in recapitulating his tours in Servia, India, Africa and Australia.

Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet of the "Light of Asia," the accomplished journalist and traveler, had come to America in the fall of 1891 to read from his works, and incidentally to see the country. As the editor of the London "Telegraph" he had a special claim upon the hospitality of American journalists. Whatever may be the estimate of posterity of his poems, in the world-wide fame and popularity of the "Light of Asia," no question can be raised as to the verdict of his contemporaries. He was entertained at dinner at the Lotos Club on the 31st of October. Both in the number participating and the high character of the addresses made on this occasion, it was generally conceded that it was never surpassed in brilliancy in the

Sir Edwin
Arnold.

history of the club. President Frank R. Lawrence occupied the chair, with the guest of honor on his right and President Seth Low, of Columbia College, on his left. About the guests' table sat George W. Childs, Richard Henry Stoddard, E. C. Stedman, Gen. Horace Porter, Paul Dana, Murat Halstead, E. B. Harper, W. H. McElroy, Arthur F. Bowers, Robert Edwin Bonner, Ballard Smith, Walter P. Phillips, H. L. Ensign and Col. Thomas W. Knox. Sir Edwin wore on his breast his decorations. He had received the order of the White Elephant from the King of Siam. As it happened, the only two Americans who had ever received this decoration were Gen. Haldeman and Col. Knox, both members of the Lotos. President Lawrence, in presenting the guest of the evening, referred to his many titles to distinction:

“If there be one thing more than another,” said President Lawrence in proposing Sir Edwin's health, “which is worth preserving in connection with the Lotos Club, it is our boast, for more than a score of years, to strive to be among the first to welcome to New York men of genius from foreign lands. This happy custom has brought to our club many happy moments—none more happy than this. And so, when it became known that Sir Edwin Arnold was to visit our shores, it followed that the Lotos Club was to welcome him. As to his eminent graces of mind and heart, I need not tell you or any other English-speaking people.

“ He is, perhaps, best known to us as a poet. I should not say ‘perhaps,’ but that his many estimable qualities confuse me. He, more than any other man, has brought us near Asia—the Asia of which we knew so little. We hear it said that the Laureate is in his declining days. We hear it asked, ‘Who is to succeed him?’ We know that the high standard of English poetry will not die while the author of ‘The Light of Asia’ lives.

“ Yet, gentlemen, it is not alone as a poet that we meet and greet him to-night, but as a journalist as well. Well do we remember his services as a moulder of public opinion in England. It was he, on behalf of the London ‘Daily Telegraph’ and in connection with one of our own good Americans, who sent Stanley in search of Livingstone—all honor to that humane undertaking. As a poet, as a journalist and as a scholar; as one who might talk to us, if he chose, in many mystical tongues, we welcome and we greet Sir Edwin Arnold.”

The health of the club’s guest was drunk, everybody rising and cheering. Sir Edwin, on arising, was enthusiastically received. His speech was a wonderful tribute to America. He was astonished by the lavish opulence of welcome and by the too generous warmth of praise with which the president had mentioned his name. He touched upon the noble community of language which Britain and America possessed. Referring to America, he quoted the old poet, who sang :

Her likeness and brightness do shine in such splendor,
That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her.

His speech was a mine of acute observations on literature, poetry and contemporary authorship. Scarcely a great writer from the time of Chaucer to our own James Russell Lowell but came in for notice. He repeated conversations with Lord Tennyson, who had said to him, "It is bad for us that English will always be a spoken speech, since that means that it will always be changing, and so the time will come when you and I will be as hard to read for the common people as Chaucer is today." He then quoted Artemus Ward on Chaucer, "the admirable poet, but as a spellist a decided failure." He referred to the perfection of the lyrics of Edgar Allan Poe, and the glorious dithyrambs of Walt Whitman. Nothing in America seemed to have escaped him. In closing he said: "Heartily, gratefully, and with a mind from which the memory of this glorious evening will never be effaced I thank you for the very friendly and favorable omens of this banquet."* E. C. Stedman followed, paying a fine and appreciative tribute to his brother poet. Pres. Seth Low referred to the connection of the guest of the evening with the cause of education, he having been at one time a college president. Paul Dana responded for the press. Gen. Porter spoke as the all round man of the world, soldier, statesman and orator, in a speech full of wit, humor, anecdote and hearty appreciation of the guest. St. Clair McKelway made one of his brilliant and voluminous speeches, carrying the audience with him to a height of feeling

* Sir Edwin Arnold's speech is printed in full in the Appendix.

and amusement rarely equaled. At the close of the banquet Sir Edwin Arnold read his now famous poem of "Potiphar's Wife," the manuscript of which he donated to the club as a souvenir of his visit. It is framed and hangs with his picture on the wall of the club house. This banquet will remain in the history of the literary events of New York one of the most notable, and one of the brightest pages to be recorded in the history of the Lotos Club.

On November 28th a very pleasant dinner party was given at which Signor Commandatore Giuseppe Giacosa, the Italian poet and dramatist, was the guest. He had come to America to conduct the production of one of his dramas, "La Dame de Challant," for Madam Sarah Bernhardt. Among others present were Mr. William Dean Howells, the author of "Venetian Days," and of a book on modern Italian poetry. As the guest of the evening could speak no English, Mr. Howells acted as interpreter, and made several delightful speeches on his own account, as well as speeches for the guest. On this occasion there was an admirable exhibition of paintings collected by the art committee, Edward Moran, C. Harry Eaton and Henry W. Ranger. The Saturday evening entertainment was notable for a rich programme. Among the contributors were Fred. Emerson Brooks, Harry Pepper, Sgr. Spagarillo, Sgr. Sapio, Charles Conor, James Rosche, Sgr. Enrico Scognamillo and Mr. Murray, of the Murray Opera Company.

Under the efficient management of Mr. Ranger, chairman of the entertainment committee, the Saturday Nights of the Lotos Club had been maintained with all the old time perfection and brilliancy. Never were more superb evening entertainments given than during recent years.

In December, 1891, a dinner was given at the Lotos Club to Edward W. Nye and A. P. Burbank, two members of the club who had been traveling together over the country lecturing. Mr. Nye's account of their experiences was most amusing. He had broken his arm in Yazoo City, Mississippi, in an accident, and had to travel to New Orleans in a freight train before he could have it set. This furnished him only with material for fun, but Mr. Burbank, who gave a serious version of the affair, put it in a somewhat different light. But all's well that ends well, and nobody begrudged the humorist Nye his cheerful philosophy.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett, who died in 1891, had been one of the early members, but had resigned on the founding of the Players Club by Edwin Booth. The last time at which he was present was at the dinner to Mr. George Augustus Sala. He was playing an engagement in the city and was among the late comers. When he appeared he was called upon for a speech. In responding he said that it was a pleasure for him to speak upon this occasion. He felt certain that the speakers who had preceded him had done justice to Mr. Sala's abilities and achievements, but no one had spoken for the

Lawrence
Barrett.

actors. To the actors in his own country Mr. Sala had always been kind and cordial. The speaker had never heard a speech of greater warmth and tenderness than Mr. Sala's appeal for the poor and unfortunate members of the theatrical profession, which he delivered while presiding at the Dramatic Fund dinner in London a few years before. On behalf of American actors Mr. Barrett thanked Mr. Sala for the generous courtesy which he had always extended to members of the profession from this side of the water. It was not alone for his sagacious judgment and his critical acumen that the speaker admired Mr. Sala, but for his kindness, his tenderness and his warm-hearted sympathy.

Mr. Edwin Booth was also one of the early members, but rarely came to the club. Chandos Fulton remembers seeing Mr. Booth in the club only once, and then D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) was telling a good story and enjoying it himself as much as anyone present. Edwin Booth enjoyed the story, observing, when the burly humorist had finished, "I wish I could tell a story."

An important project now occupied the attention of the Directory of the club. For nearly two years a change of location had been mooted and a building committee consisting of the vice-president, William Henry White, the treasurer, E. B. Harper, the secretary, John Elderkin, Dr. Charles I. Pardee and F. L. Montague had been engaged in searching for a suitable property. On the evening of the 16th of January, 1892, this committee reported

that the property on the west side of Fifth Avenue, twenty-five feet south of Forty-sixth Street, with a frontage of fifty feet and a depth of one hundred feet, covered by two houses, built together, substantially alike, sixty-five feet deep, leaving a space of thirty-five feet by fifty feet upon which an extension could be erected, thereby providing all necessary apartments for the club's purposes, could be obtained at a reasonable cost, and the necessary alterations completed by May 1st, 1893. The report was adopted and the Directory was authorized to buy the property. Shortly after, at a dinner of representative members in honor of President Lawrence, \$48,500 was subscribed. The property was purchased, all the money necessary to pay for it with alterations, and to furnish it, was subsequently raised by members of the club who took the bonds which were issued for the purpose. The new house was not, however, to be ready for occupancy for a year, and the club remained in its old home, where its characteristic entertainments continued to be given.

In the spring of 1892, Mr. Whitelaw Reid resigned his position as American Ambassador to France and returned home. The Lotos Club gave him a fitting welcome. He was entertained at a banquet April 30th, 1892, at which there was an overflowing attendance of members, many being obliged to occupy seats at tables on the second floor of the house. It was a home greeting such as would have warmed the heart of any man, and was fully ap-

Whitelaw
Reid.

preciated by the recipient. The cordiality and good feeling manifested toward Mr. Reid was the seal of fourteen years of friendly association. Mr. Frank R. Lawrence presided. At the guests' table were the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, Charles Stewart Smith, D. O. Mills, William Winter, Gen. Wager Swayne, Murat Halstead, St. Clair McKelway, Capt. William Henry White, J. W. Alexander, W. H. McElroy, Col. Thomas W. Knox, Paul Dana, Viscount Paul d'Abzac, Arthur F. Bowers, Robert Edwin Bonner, John Elderkin, Collin Armstrong and F. B. Thurber. At the other tables there were seated S. S. Packard, E. B. Harper, J. Ensign Fuller, C. I. Pardee, John Stanton, S. Shethar, C. H. Coffin, T. Henry Mason, T. F. Mason, R. J. Moses, Jr., A. S. Luria, John W. Vrooman, F. P. Morris, W. H. Jaques, C. F. Doane, Stanley A. Cohen, W. S. Johnston, J. T. Dutcher, W. H. Bulkeley, Howard Lockwood, F. L. Montague, C. N. Wayland, T. H. Wood, A. E. J. Tovey, E. C. James, C. W. Ferris, Henry Mapleson, R. Glover, G. R. McChesney, C. A. Gerlach, Dr. L. L. Seaman, J. E. Milholland, H. W. Cannon, Carson Lake, S. W. Wray, I. N. Seligman, A. R. Kling, C. T. Catlin, William Hart Smith, George H. Jones, R. B. Roosevelt, A. P. Burbank, H. N. Alden, A. T. Hills, R. A. Witthaus, Edward Moran, H. F. Locke, F. W. Brittan, W. F. Pippey, A. P. Dudley, M. Hendricks, R. J. Dean, W. S. Kahnweiler, H. L. Ensign, J. T. Hand, A. C. Haynes, Franklin Fyles, V. P. Gibney, M. H. Robertson, A. Frank Richardson, F. B. Wilson, C.

W. Price, A. Boskowitz, C. F. Macdonald, George Breck, C. H. Webb, Eben Plympton, A. F. Tait, George H. Story, Henry Watterson, W. C. Davis, B. B. Valentine, W. P. Phillips, S. A. Robinson, E. F. Phelps, William Crawford, W. Parsons, L. Windmuller, A. O. Hall, E. V. Skinner, G. W. Stockley, Chester S. Lord, T. R. Pickering, T. W. Bracher, R. M. Phillips, D. Bonanno, A. E. McDonald, Finley Anderson, J. Van Glahn, F. D. Yuengling, G. F. Victor, W. T. Evans, James Rascover, J. H. Johnston, Charles Chamberlain, E. F. Hoyt, Julius Chambers, F. A. Burnham, George Evans, T. H. Howell, L. C. Waehner, C. H. Lester, M. Vaissier, W. S. Logan, C. G. Buckley, T. Saunders, F. T. Murray, M. C. Sternbach, A. C. Rand, John Achelis, E. H. Roberts, J. E. Munson, R. Martin, J. M. Ashley, Jr., George H. Daniels, William H. Bradley, Martin Zimmerman, D. B. Sickels, Col. Richard Lathers, J. B. Pond, J. M. Barney, Uriah Welch, J. S. Abecasis, J. William de Inge, G. P. Benjamin, J. H. Sprague, E. B. Brown, J. F. Postlethwaite, E. P. Stephenson and C. Schutte.

The decorations consisted of an oil painting of Mr. Reid, full length, on one side of which was the flag of the United States and on the other that of the Republic of France. On the opposite side of the room was a painting of the steamer *La Champagne*, on which Mr. Reid returned from France, and above it was the inscription: "She brought our guest over the sea from honors abroad to greater honors at home."

Mr. Lawrence made an eloquent address of welcome. He said: "The gentleman in whose honor we assemble to-night requires less than any man an introduction to the members of the Lotos Club. The charter of the club, by the Legislature of the State, was granted some twenty years ago to Whitelaw Reid and other gentlemen, Mr. Reid's name being the first upon the list. From then until now he has been actively identified with the club, and has always held a foremost place in the regard of its members.

"Since his return from abroad Mr. Reid has been publicly entertained, first by the society composed of the sons of his native State and then by that greatest association of merchants, the Chamber of Commerce of the City of New York; and upon those occasions much, though by no means all that might be said, has been uttered in his praise.

"To-night he has come home. He would no more expect a formal greeting here than at his own fireside!

"Yet even here, where we are not always serious, some serious words should be uttered to show that not merely as friends, but as citizens who partake in all that adds to the glory of our country, we honor and rejoice over the great public services of Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

"To his services to commerce, the merchants of the country have already given testimony. Of his earnest and arduous labors, the treaties between this country and France stand as monuments. Yet what he has done in the direction of

bringing more closely together the people of the two countries is perhaps as great a service as any; and there are many gentlemen present to-night who can tell from personal experience how delightful was the relation established and maintained by Mr. Reid among the people of the great, brave and talented nation in whose country he has lately resided.

“ It is occasionally suggested by those who favor extreme simplicity in our government that diplomatic establishments abroad are useless to a country like ours, and should not be maintained. That suggestion finds its complete and perfect answer in the diplomatic career of Mr. Reid.

“ We hear it said, upon the other hand, that the United States should dignify its diplomatic service by bestowing more sounding titles upon those who represent it in foreign countries, in order that the Minister of the United States at a foreign court may no longer be outranked by the ambassador of every foreign power. To us this seems of little moment; for it is a happy circumstance in the history of our government that in a great number of instances those who have represented it in foreign countries have been men who rise superior to rank or title; our greatest and our best. We recall with pride that the Ministry to France, which Mr. Reid has just laid down, was earliest held by Franklin and Jefferson, while almost contemporaneously in diplomatic service with our guest here to-night was the lamented James Russell Lowell.

“Mr. Reid has resigned his Ministry to France and returned among us, the same genial, kindly, unaffected gentleman as in years gone by, and he would have us think that he has laid down public office for good and all. Yet, whatever may be his belief or desire, I ask you, without attempting to cast an augury, might it not prove another instance of the happy destiny which so long has ruled our country if, in the future, so typical an American citizen, possessed of character so pure and ability so splendid, should be called to serve his country at home in a station more exalted than that which he has lately occupied abroad ?

“But, gentlemen, you are eager to hear our guest. As citizens, companions, friends, we greet him ; the Lotos Club welcomes him home. He will find some changes here, but there can be no change in the affection of the members of the Lotos Club for Whitelaw Reid.”

Mr. Lawrence closed his remarks with a hint that something higher might be in store for the guest. When Mr. Reid arose he was heartily cheered. He said : “It is evident that the traditions of the Lotos Club are preserved. We always praised our guests—sometimes too much ! It is a great pleasure in returning home, after a long absence, to find that one’s place has been kept for him, that he has not been forgotten, and that, while the procession has certainly moved on without him, it can still give him room in its ranks. It is a peculiar pleasure to be received here. What reminiscences do not the place and

the surroundings call up; what memories of this hall, and of the older one in Irving Place, next door to the Academy of Music, when life was young and joy was unconfined. There we greeted Canon Kingsley and Lord Houghton and Rubinstein and the King of the Sandwich Islands—but one of them left now, and he a sovereign in art. Here we greeted Froude and Matthew Arnold and Henry Irving and Count de Lesseps, and William S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, and what a host beside! And to name only three of our own people, can any one fail to remember, with a tender reverence, our last dinners here to John Brougham, Lester Wallack and John Gilbert? Ah, me!—in spite of the Lotos Club, the world is growing old!”*

When Mr. Reid resumed his seat, Mr. Lawrence introduced ex-Mayor Hewitt. Mr. Hewitt made one of the most delightful speeches of the evening. He is always at his best at the Lotos Club. The affection with which he is regarded may in a measure account for this. Mr. Hewitt possesses both scholarship and originality, wedded to eloquence of a high order, and there is always in his speeches the note of conscience and conviction. He closed his remarks by saying: “If it should happen that the people of this country should, in a spasm of extraordinary intelligence, recognize the enormous advantage which it would be to them by securing in the highest executive office of the land the services of so trained a diplomat, so wise a statesman

* Hon. Whitelaw Reid's speech is printed in full in the Appendix.

as Mr. Reid, there is at least one Democrat in this broad land who will not say him nay, and who will feel that virtue has had its reward."

Charles Stewart Smith paid a high tribute to Mr. Reid's services to the commercial interests of the United States as French Minister. He was followed by Murat Halstead, whose speech abounded in humor and characteristic personal disclosures, paying high honor to Mr. Reid as a journalist, beginning with his career as a long-legged youth from Xenia, the author of the Agate letters, in one of which Mr. Reid was the very first to present the name of Abraham Lincoln as a possible President of the United States. He was followed by St. Clair McKelway, who made a brilliant address, full of spirit and humor, justifying by his own speech his claim that "the Lotos Club is the clearing house for intellect, conscience and taste." Speeches were made by Gen. Wager Swayne, James W. Alexander, president of the University Club; William Winter and William H. McElroy, of the "Tribune" staff, and Col. Thomas W. Knox, who spoke for the old members, declaring that they were all young, and noting that it was exactly twenty years to a day since Mr. Whitelaw Reid, on the 30th of April, 1872, was put up as a candidate for membership. Mr. Winter read a poem, of which the following is the first verse:

Dark streamers of the eastern gale,
Blown far across the desert sea,
Your wings have filled the snowy sail
That bears my comrade back to me!

Through glistening surge and flying foam,
Your stormy pinions waft him home.*

The secretary read letters of regret from President Harrison, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Reid's successor at Paris; M. Patenotre, the French Minister at Washington; George William Curtis, Col. John Hay, Charles A. Dana, Isaac H. Bromley, Horace White, Edmund Clarence Stedman and others. Mr. Reid took occasion to express his appreciation of the sentiments conveyed in these letters.

On April 22d, 1892, Harry Furniss, the eminent artist of London "Punch," was entertained at dinner. A number of well-known American illustrators and literary men were present, among whom were Thomas Nast, T. W. Wood, president of the Academy of Design; W. L. Frazer, of the "Century Magazine;" R. Swain Gifford, C. D. Gibson, of "Life;" and Archibald Clavering Gunter, the novelist. In his response to the toast in his honor, Mr. Furniss said: "I was told that I would be well treated, and I have been overwhelmed with a blizzard of kindness." He frankly admitted the superiority of American magazines, but he found our streets the worst in the world, disfigured with telegraph poles and high-priced cabs. Eight reporters asked him his impressions of America just as he landed. In spite of all he came an Englishman, but he returned an American, in sympathy.

F. Marion Crawford, after spending his youth

* Mr. Winter's poem is printed in full in the Appendix.

and early manhood and making his reputation as a novelist abroad, finally found his way home to America. Both of Mr. Crawford's parents were New Yorkers, and he did his first work in this city. At the dinner given in his honor at the Lotos, Mr. Lawrence presided, and among those

**F. Marion
Crawford.**

present were Messrs. Parke Godwin, St. Clair McKelway, George F. Seward, ex-Minister to China; Frederic Bonner, Murat Halstead, Samuel Shethar, Julian Rix, George W. Hall, Col. E. C. James, E. J. Glave, one of the companions of Stanley in Africa; H. K. Burras, W. E. Tunis, T. Henry Mason, Ormond G. Smith, T. H. Wood, Lorenzo Woodhouse, Judge George M. Van Hoesen, George H. Jones and R. Guggenheimer. Mr. Crawford made a very pleasant speech. He said: "It is now ten years since I was here last, and I am struck with the change in ideas about living and in artistic taste. Business men used to eat luncheons in their hats and overshoes. Now they have down-town clubs and spend an hour over the meal. A change has come over the art and literature. We have not begun our great century yet, but I hope we are laying the foundation on which the men of the future will build the greatest literature the world has ever seen."

Mr. Lawrence next called on Parke Godwin, who spoke entertainingly on the reality of fiction, and on its powers of survival. St. Clair McKelway was never wittier than in his mock jealousy of Mr. Crawford and his boasts about Brooklyn.

Murat Halstead, Mr. Seward and others also spoke.

The great services to the cause of good music of the Damrosch family are known and recognized in this metropolis. The elder Damrosch was an honored guest of the Lotos Club on more than one occasion. Walter Damrosch was this year entertained at dinner. Owing to the absence, on account of illness, of the president, Capt. William Henry White, the vice-president, acted as chairman. About the guests' table were seated Andrew Carnegie, H. E. Krehbiel, Horace B. Fry, Reginald de Koven, Gen. Horace Porter, Oscar B. Weber, Robert Edwin Bonner, R. Swain Gifford, Col. E. C. James, George F. Spinney and William L. Malcolm. Capt. White, who is a delightful orator, made a felicitous speech of welcome, to which Mr. Damrosch responded, saying :

"I wish I had the music of tongue necessary to enable me to adequately express my thanks to you gentlemen for your hospitality, which is, I assure you, far in excess of my deserts. I am but one of many Americans who are doing their share toward the development of the musical resources of this country."

Mr. Damrosch then spoke of the great strides taken in American music in the past two decades.

"Things always grow fast here," said he. "I recently received a very illiterate letter, which said: 'Dear Sir: Some of the men wat plays in your orchestrer don't earn their money. They

only plays wen you looks at them and shakes your stick at them, particular them that plays the drums and horns. I don't think much of such players. Why don't you give them the sack?' In another year that man will write me asking for the performance of some particular symphony."

Gen. Horace Porter followed Mr. Damrosch with a short address, and other speakers were Horace B. Fry, John S. Wise, Andrew Carnegie, Frank Damrosch, Oscar B. Weber, Plunkett Greene and Morris Reno. Mr. Carnegie's speech was characteristic of the man, hearty, generous and forcible. The occasion was rendered especially pleasant by the admirable musical programme provided by the entertainment committee.

Patrick S. Gilmore, the conductor of Gilmore's famous band, died in September, 1892. He was an honorary member. He joined the Lotos early in its career. He was an enthusiast in everything, and among his club friends and associates was full of life and expansive gayety. He conceived the National Peace Jubilee which was held in Boston in 1872, with a chorus of 20,000 voices and an orchestra of 2,000 instruments, with cannon and anvil accompaniments. He frequently serenaded the club and his services were always freely at its command. By his death the members lost a true friend and genial comrade.

The first dinner of the new year, 1893, was in honor of Thomas F. Gilroy, the new mayor of the city. About one hundred members of the club participated. Among others present were ex-

Mayor William R. Grace, Edwin Einstein, the defeated candidate, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, Randolph Guggenheimer, Chauncey M. Depew, Capt. William Henry White, E. Ellery Anderson, Gen. C. H. T. Collis, Hon. Joseph Hendrix, Samuel Shethar, Erastus Wiman, George W. McLean, Charles H. Coffin, Theodore W. Myers, Walter S. Logan, Chester S. Lord, Leander H. Crall, Clinton W. Sweet and Treasurer Edward B. Harper. President Lawrence made a cordial speech of welcome. Mayor Gilroy, when he arose to respond, was greeted with generous applause. He said: "I feel profoundly touched by this reception and by the words of your president. I shall remember this night during the entire course of my administration, and it will be an encouragement and an incentive in the performance of the high duties to which the people of this city have called me." Mr. Einstein paid a hearty tribute to the new Mayor as former Commissioner of Public Works. He started out by telling a story of one O'Flanagan who was about to die and called in the services of the priest, who asked him about his understanding of the position he occupied. The priest told him there were only two places in the future world, and wanted him to choose which of the two he wanted to enter, and he replied that he had friends in both places. He had the consolation of plenty of company, both among those elected and those defeated.

Ex-Mayor Grace, Chauncey M. Depew and E. Ellery Anderson made speeches, and the new

Mayor was not happily launched on his career until long after midnight.

On January 28th, 1893, Lieut. R. E. Peary, who had just returned from his first Arctic expedition, was entertained at dinner. Over the president's chair hung an oil painting by Edward Moran representing the relief expedition of Leif Eriksen, setting sail a thousand years ago to discover America. On the opposite side of the room was a large canvas, showing the Santa Maria, Pinta

and the Nina, and called "The Evening Before Columbus Saw the Land."

Lieut.
Peary.

In the corridor were two large photographs of pictures of the rescue of Lieut. Greely, who had been entertained on January 16th, 1886. Mr. Lawrence, the president of the club, acted as chairman. The menu card drawn by Mr. Julian Rix was very beautiful. At the top was a picture of an iceberg with a vessel close to it. In the clouds appeared a globe with the words North Pole marked on it, and the flag with the letter P in the field, signifying that Lieut. Peary had not yet discovered the North Pole, but hoped to on his next expedition. President Lawrence made a delightful speech welcoming and lauding the guest. He said: "To-night we greet a man of action; in these weak, piping times of peace it is well that we should be reminded that the spirit of adventure is not dead. While there remains upon this continent a single square mile unexplored, the work of the early Norsemen, of Leif Eriksen, of Drake, of Frobisher, the work of Columbus, re-

mains uncompleted. Our guest of to-night has added materially to the world's knowledge of the Arctic region, and, like every man who has fallen under the strange fascination of the frozen pole, no sooner has he returned to his home than he has again determined upon a fresh journey of discovery.

"The attainment of the North Pole should, it seems, be within the bounds of possibility, and should that strange distinction fall to the lot of any man of our generation, may we not hope that the fortunate discoverer will be one of the most intrepid of American explorers, our guest to-night."

Lieut. Peary said in reply that he did not consider himself a first class article in the way of an Arctic explorer. There were greater men present who had done much more than he, among them Capt. Schley. The work of the last Arctic expedition was interesting because it was carried out on lines of economy, simplicity and effectiveness.

Other speakers were Com. Henry Erben, commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard; ex-Chief Justice C. P. Daly, president of the American Geographical Society; Capt. Winfield Scott Schley, former commander of the Greely relief expedition; Assistant District Attorney Henry D. Macdona and Major J. B. Pond. Among those present were Capt. Gloster Armstrong, of the British army; Gen. John A. Halderman, Albert Operti, James G. Cannon, George W. Munro, Andrew Little and G. P. Riva, the Italian consul.

The furor which the pianist Paderewski had created in musical circles had not escaped the notice of the Lotos, and he was entertained at dinner on the 8th of April, 1893. It was an occasion of great interest and much artistic enthusiasm. Paderewski proved himself a man of varied ability and accomplishments. The menu card exhibited him in all the glory of his wonderful hair, in company with Liszt and Rubinstein. In the absence of the president, the vice-president, Capt. William Henry White, acted as chairman. Throughout the dinner, Paderewski chatted with the members, many coming up to be introduced. All were charmed with his simplicity and boyish frankness. There was something rare and fine about him in addition to his striking and picturesque appearance. He was introduced by Vice-President White, who said: "We are gathered here to lay at the feet of one of the sweetest of the muses the tribute of our sincere homage. The welcome of the club never went out more heartily, more spontaneously, than it does to our guest of this evening." Paderewski arose, holding a glass of wine in his hand, and clinked glasses with all those who were near him. Then he took a seat.

There were loud calls for a speech. At last he arose, placed his hands on the table, leaned forward, and in a low, soft voice said: "Gentlemen: Your language is not very familiar to me. I only know a few words and I have very little idea of how to use them. But still, *noblesse oblige*, I am

here and must try to say something. You have heard a wonderful speaker who told you very many beautiful and pleasant things on my account. I heard with foreign ears, and with what was quite a genuine blush. I do not deserve the great honor; it is really above my merits. I am not better than some other pianists who have visited this country. I claim no superiority, unless it is that I have learned not to be afraid of you. I came here with deep regard and respect for your critics. I was told in Europe that your habits here were a little wild, but I did not believe it. You have excellent musicians and excellent orchestras and excellent critics. Your audiences, even in the smaller cities, like and understand good classical music. Another claim upon my affection is in the fact that here hundreds of thousands of Poles are living freely and enjoying liberty. It is the only country in which the national army, a small part of it, bears the name, simple but beautiful, of Kosciusko." Speeches were made by Reginald DeKoven and H. E. Krehbiel, the musical critics. After they had finished Paderewski asked to be allowed to say something in French. He arose smiling very amiably, and in a language of which he had perfect command proceeded to give his estimate of critics with a good deal of freedom, greatly amusing every one who understood him.

The Fellowcraft, a club of artists and journalists not dissimilar to the Lotos, had existed in the city for some years. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, of the "Century Magazine," was the president, and many

of his staff were members. The Fellowcraft was not very prosperous, and some of its leading men made overtures looking to its incorporation with the Lotos. These overtures were received in a friendly spirit, and when it became evident that a large majority of the Fellowcraft desired it, a resolution was adopted authorizing the admission to the Lotos of all the members in good standing without the usual initiation fee. A great many availed themselves of this privilege and became members of the Lotos, and the Fellowcraft disbanded. This brought a considerable strength to the literary and artistic element and has proved a decided advantage. Mr. Chester S. Lord, the well known journalist, who was vice-president of the Fellowcraft, is now secretary of the Lotos, and one of its most popular members.

Mr. Frank R. Lawrence had accepted the presidency of the club at a somewhat critical period of its history. Through some slips in the management and internal difficulties, its financial soundness had been impaired and its membership decreased.

He brought to the performance of the duties of his office experience and sound judgment, as well as a brilliant intellect.

**Frank R.
Lawrence.**

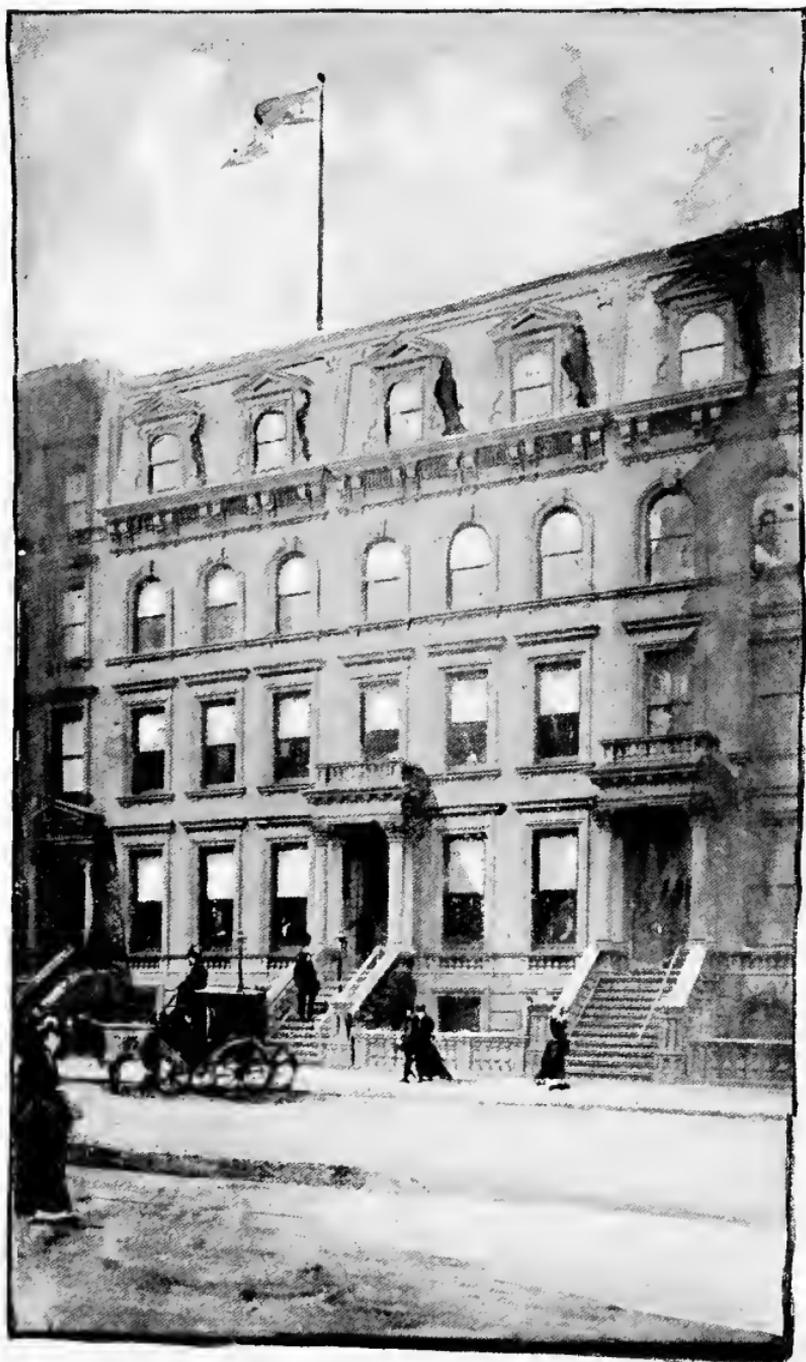
He possesses a spontaneous and attractive eloquence and a happy faculty of turning everything to instant advantage by his genial and unaggressive wit; and in addition to these admirable qualities, he was loyally devoted to the highest interests and purposes of the club. As a chairman he has reserve and dignity, and the alert-

ness and decision which make a model presiding officer. The Lotos has been fortunate in having had for a period of over twenty years two presidents, Mr. Reid and Mr. Lawrence, of singular distinction and capacity. It has showed its conservatism and sense of the value of their services by re-electing each year after year—Mr. Reid for fourteen years, until he resigned, and Mr. Lawrence from that date until the present time.

The necessity of a change of location to one farther up town had forced itself upon Mr. Lawrence from the moment of his acceptance of the presidency, and he made the placing of the club in a suitable location, in a handsome house to be its own property, a project constantly to be kept before the attention of the Directory. When the houses numbers 556 and 558 Fifth Avenue were finally secured and all the alterations fitting them for the occupancy of the club completed, to him, more than to any other, belonged the credit.

The remaining officers of the club for this year were: William Henry White, Vice-President; John Elderkin, Secretary; E. B. Harper, Treasurer; and Walter P. Phillips, Henry W. Ranger, Edward Moran, C. Harry Eaton, C. H. T. Collis, L. L. Seaman, F. L. Montague, Chester S. Lord and Uriah Welch, Directors.

Capt. William Henry White has been a considerable figure in the club for a number of years. He has served on the house and building committees and displayed great ability and devotion. His wit and unbounded good nature make him



LOTOS CLUB HOUSE,
Nos 556-558 Fifth Avenue.

the leader in every form of fun and jollity. He is a ready and eloquent speaker. His training as an engineer made his services as chairman of the building committee especially valuable.

William Edward B. Harper, the Treasurer, is
Henry well known in connection with large
White. enterprises. He has looked carefully after the financial interests, and the club has been well served in all matters relating to its income and expenditures, including the extraordinary outlay for its new home. Of the other members of the building committee, Dr. Charles Inslee Pardee and F. L. Montague rendered valuable services in promoting judicious plans for altering and decorating the new house; and the club secretary, who was also a member of the committee, exerted an influence in the direction of economy. Dr. Pardee joined in 1870. He held the office of vice-president, with few intermissions, from 1872 to 1888. No member has served the club with more ardor and industry.

The club removed from the old house at the corner of Twenty-first Street, which it had occupied since 1876, to its new house early in May, 1893. Trial quickly demonstrated its perfect adaptability to all the club's uses. The art gallery, with its fine skylight, proved an admirable improvement over anything heretofore possessed by the club. Even when in use for exhibition purposes it makes a most attractive dining room. Before leaving the old house the members enjoyed a free and easy farewell dinner, which was

remarkable for almost boyish high jinks and hilarity. Col. Knox, who lived in the house, and who retired earlier than some twenty years ago, was visited in the early hours of the morning and made to head a procession which paraded through the halls and parlors singing various convivial songs and rivaling the Clover Club of Philadelphia in good humored invasion of the proprieties.

The first formal dinner in the new club house took place on November 11th, 1893. Several private dinners had been given, and everything about the house was in perfect order. The guest of honor was Samuel L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain. Only twice during

Mark
Twain.

the evening was he referred to by his real name. The guests sat at a semi-circular table placed between the dining room and the parlors on the main floor, which were all occupied. At the guests' table, besides President Lawrence and Mr. Clemens, were seated Charles Dudley Warner, William D. Howells, Richard Watson Gilder, Edmund C. Stedman, Charles A. Dana, Gen. Horace Porter, Seth Low, St. Clair McKelway and John Brisbin Walker. Over two hundred members found places at the other tables, and these included all the regular frequenters of the house and many others. In introducing the guest of the evening President Lawrence said: "To-night the old faces appear amid new surroundings. The place where last we met about the table has vanished, and to-

night we have our first Lotos dinner in a home that is all our own.

“It is peculiarly fitting that the board should now be spread in honor of one who has been a member of the club for full a score of years, and it is a happy augury for the future that our fellow member whom we assemble to greet should be the bearer of a most distinguished name in the world of letters: for the Lotos Club is ever at its best when paying homage to genius in literature or in art.

“Is there a civilized being who has not heard the name of Mark Twain? We knew him long years ago, before he came out of the boundless West, brimful of wit and eloquence, with no reverence for anything, and went abroad to educate the untutored European in the subtleties of the American joke.

“The world has looked on and applauded while he has broken many images. He has led us in imagination all over the globe. With him as our guide we have traversed alike the Mississippi and the Sea of Galilee. At his bidding we have laughed at a thousand absurdities. By a laborious process of reasoning he has convinced us that the Egyptian mummies are actually dead. He has held us spellbound upon the plain at the foot of the great Sphinx, and we have joined him in weeping bitter tears at the tomb of Adam.

“To-night we greet him in the flesh. What name is there in literature that can be likened to his? Perhaps some of the distinguished gentle-

men about this table can tell us; but I know of none. Himself his only parallel!"

When Mr. Clemens rose to respond he was greeted with hearty cheers and applause, and when he began to speak in his customary drawling voice every face was ready to break from smiles into laughter. He said:

"Mr. President, Gentlemen and Fellow-Members of the Lotos Club: I have seldom in my lifetime listened to compliments so felicitously phrased or so well deserved. I return thanks for them from a full heart and an appreciative spirit, and I will say this in self-defense: While I am charged with having no reverence for anything, I wish to say that I have reverence for the man who can utter such truths, and I also have a deep reverence and a sincere one for a club that can do such justice to me. To be the chief guest of such a club is something to be envied, and if I read your countenances rightly, I am envied. I am glad to see this club in such palatial quarters. I remember it twenty years ago when it was housed in a stable.

"Now, when I was studying for the ministry there were two or three things that struck my attention particularly. At the first banquet mentioned in history, that other prodigal son who came back from his travels was invited to stand up and have his say. They were all there, his brethren, David and Goliath, and—er, and if he had had as much experience as I have had, he would have waited until those other people got

through talking. He got up and testified to all his failings. Now, if he had waited before telling all about his riotous living until the others had spoken, he might not have given himself away as he did, and I think that I would give myself away if I should go on. I think I'd better wait until the others hand in their testimony; then, if it is necessary for me to make an explanation, I will get up and explain, and if I cannot do that, I'll deny it happened."

President Lawrence called upon Mr. Dudley Warner to make the first reply to what he described as Mr. Clemens's "logical and consecutive address." Mr. Warner said that he felt that he was called upon to explain the inexplicable. "I can only say," he added, "that there is a difference of opinion about Mr. Twain. A great many people think that he is the greatest man in the universe. Others know that he is from Missouri. Now, I am like that distinguished clergyman who took the position that, while some say there is no God, and some say there is a God, he decided to take the middle course. I have known Mark Twain a great many years. I have never traveled in any part of the habitable globe without meeting some person who knew him and said he had been there. Some years ago, when I was in Algiers, I met a young Arab, a lad about twelve, who acted as my guide. He said I was like Mark Twain. I asked him when Mark had been there, and from his answer I discovered that it must have been about four years before the boy was born."

Mr. Warner had had a similar experience in Egypt, and he said it would not be surprising that if in the far future the traveler should find in one of the Oriental countries a tomb erected to Sheik Mark Twain. In Cairo he met a young Arab who had a donkey that was named Mark Twain.

"Any fool," added Mr. Warner, "would know that in all America there is no donkey by that name. In England I was assured that there was no judge on or off the bench who can go to sleep without reading 'Mark Twain.' In India he is just as well known as in Hartford, and I think a little better, for there they don't have to collect taxes from him. Another fine thing about him is that he doesn't care who he associates with. In Germany I found that he dined with the Emperor. In New York he dines with the Lotos Club. There's nothing proud about him. The democracy of the man is genuine. I see before me many people, including myself, who think he is clever, and underneath all this I like him, even though we are next-door neighbors."

The fire of speeches, of which Mr. Clemens was the object, was kept up at a lively pace. Gen. Porter, St. Clair McKelway, Charles A. Dana, President Seth Low, of Columbia, all had their bright and genial words of welcome and appreciation, interspersed with fun at the guest's expense. Finally loud cries for "Twain!" brought him to his feet, looking even more serious than before. He said: "I don't see that I have a great deal to explain. I got off very well, con-

sidering the opportunities that these other fellows had. I don't see that Mr. Low said anything against me, and neither did Mr. Dana. However, I will say that I never heard so many lies told in one evening as were told by Mr. McKelway, and I consider myself pretty capable; but even in his case, when he got through, I was gratified to see how much he hadn't found out. By accident he missed the very things that I didn't want to have said, and now, gentlemen, about Americanism.

“I have been on the continent of Europe for over two and a half years. I have met many Americans there, some sojourning for a short time only, others making protracted stays, and it has been very gratifying to me to find that nearly all preserved their Americanism. I have found they all like to see the flag fly, and that their hearts rise when they see the Stars and Stripes. I met only one lady who had forgotten the land of her birth, and glorified monarchical institutions. I think it is a great thing to say that in two and a half years I met only one person who had fallen a victim to the shams—I think we may call them shams—of nobilities and of heredities. She was entirely lost in them. After I had listened to her for a long time I said to her: ‘At least you must admit that we have one merit. We are not like the Chinese, who refuse to allow their citizens who are tired of the country to leave it. Thank God, we don't.’”

But this did not end the speeches. Messrs.

Howells, Gilder and Stedman all delivered eulogies on Mark Twain, and finally Mr. Clemens begged the privilege of making a third speech, and he proceeded to give a very humorous account of his experience with these magazine editors, telling how they declined his manuscripts, and when they did accept them, the trials he endured from the proof reading. Mr. William T. Carleton then closed this delightful evening with a couple of songs.

Henry Irving paid a second visit to America in 1893, and on December 17th, he was entertained at supper by the Lotos. The guests took their seats at eleven o'clock. Mr. Irving sat at the right hand of President Lawrence, and among others seated at the tables were Parke Godwin, Alexander Salvini, Henry E. Abbey, Gen. Horace Porter, Edward B. Harper, Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix, W. E. Bryant, E. S. Willard, Francis Wilson, Montgomery Schuyler, A. M. Palmer, William Terriss, Henry Marteau, Bram Stoker, Joseph Slavinski, Carl Martin, F. Emerson Brooks, William Schutz, Andrew Carnegie, Capt. William Henry White, Gen. C. H. T. Collis, Chandos Fulton, John W. Vrooman, Dr. L. L. Seaman, Washington E. Connor, Robert Edwin Bonner, George F. Spinney, Major Moses P. Handy, H. Walter Webb, T. W. Bracher, Foster Coates, Richard Neville, George H. Wooster, C. Harry Eaton, George H. Story, Edward Moran, Henry W. Ranger and Julian Rix.

When supper had been served, President Lawrence made a brief address, in which he said that Mr. Irving was an old friend of the club, and recalled the fact that his first appearance before an audience in America was at the dinner table of the Lotos ten years ago. From the festive board of the Lotos he went forth to conquer the American people. Mr. Lawrence spoke of their guest as a man who, by his genius, industry and indomitable will, had ineffaceably stamped himself on his generation. Among the rarest tributes paid to Mr. Irving was that of the dying Tennyson, the greatest of the nineteenth century poets, who had expressed his satisfaction that his play of "Becket," then in preparation, was to be produced by Mr. Irving, because he would do it justice.

The president referred to the fact that Mr. Irving was the friend of Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough and William J. Florence, deceased members of the club, and more especially was the friend—the great and generous friend—of the lamented Edwin Booth. Mr. Lawrence paid a rich tribute to the genius of Mr. Irving, whose reply was:

"I feel among you to-night somewhat like a wanderer who has come home to rest. When I first came to America, you were the first to bid me welcome; you seemed to strike the keynote of American hospitality and good-fellowship which has ever since made such varied music in my ears. What can I say to thank you for your welcome, and your distinguished president for his more than

gracious words—words which have filled me with gratitude and wonder—but which compel me respectfully to demur—gently and persuasively to demur—to the extravagantly kind things which he has said, and which you, under the influence of Lotos, have recklessly indorsed? , And yet, gentlemen, this is the place, of all others in New York, where I am glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging the heartiness and generosity with which the public have welcomed my dear friend Ellen Terry, my fellow-workers and myself to your city, and we have had the good fortune to come back and find your interest in our work keener than ever. A friend of mine who is an enthusiastic traveler once showed me a map of the United States, across which he had written one word in red ink—that word was ‘hospitality.’ And, bearing this geographical definition in my mind, if I were asked to name the heart and center of the American Union, I think I should be disposed to answer the Lotos Club.”

Mr. E. S. Willard, the English actor, who was among the guests, paid a hearty tribute to his great contemporary, in which he said: “When I first came to this country Mr. Irving, without telling me of it, wrote to his friends on this side that I wasn’t a bad sort of fellow and they might look after me a bit. Before leaving England he gathered around me, the night before I left London, some of the most charming friends whom he knew I would like to meet. As I started to leave he took me aside

E. S.
Willard.

and said: 'If you find when you get to the other side that plays don't carry, or that the American public doesn't take well to them, just cable me one word. Here is my new play at the Lyceum, a beautiful success, and you can have it, words, music and all, as soon as the boats can get it to you.' "

In the course of an eloquent speech, Mr. Parke Godwin said: "I am proud to repeat here what I have said on so many occasions, that among all the friends I have made, many to be admired for their genius, to be loved for their friendly qualities, I have never found any who were more solidly true and reliable in their friendships than the members of the theatrical profession."

Gen. Horace Porter, Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix and others spoke, and there were songs and music to complete the pleasures of the night.

The recent Saturday night entertainments, which are one of the most characteristic features of the life of the club, have been rendered brilliant and attractive by such performers as the violinists, Henri Marteau and David Mannes; Hans Kronold, violoncellist; and by such distinguished instrumentalists and vocalists as William T. Carleton, Signor Tagliapietra, Purdon Robinson, Morgan Goldschmidt, Orton Bradley, Eugene Cowles, Harry Pepper, Franklin Sonnekalb, Plunkett Greene, Fred. Emerson Brooks, Walter Jones, John Peachy, E. S. Belknap, Gregory Patti, Thomas Evans Greene, Robert Hilliard, E. W. Nye, George Grossmith, and many others.

In recent years Mr. Henry W. Ranger has taken a very active part in the musical entertainments and the artistic exhibitions of the club. He is a man of broad sympathies in art. His own work in landscape painting is characterized by great charm of atmosphere and color, and poetical sentiment. He has studied the Dutch painters, and frequent visits to Holland have borne fruit in many fine works illustrating the cloudy skies and vapory atmosphere of that land of dikes and windmills. With Inness, Wyant, Miner, Martin, Sartain and Tryon, Mr. Ranger belongs to the representative American landscape school of the present time.

Henry W.
Ranger.

The artists of the club were spurred to renewed activity by the excellent provision for exhibitions of paintings in the new house. A strong committee, composed of Edward Moran, Henry W. Ranger, William T. Evans, W. Lewis Fraser and Henry T. Chapman, Jr., took things in charge. These gentlemen planned a series of monthly exhibitions, each to be under the management of a member of the committee, to be devoted to a branch of art especially favored by him. The first of these displays, which was opened February 22d, 1894, was composed of drawings and paintings in black and white, selected and arranged by Mr. Fraser, whose connection gave him an unusually good opportunity of getting together a capital collection. All the favorite artists who have made the fame of our illustrated journals and magazines were represented, including F. O. C. Darley,

Joseph Pennell, Remington, Reinhart, Smedley, Frost, Blum, Louis Loeb, Gilbert Gaul, Howard Pyle, Wilson de Meza, Irving R. Wiles, Albert E. Sterner, C. D. Gibson, and many others. In fact, the list of contemporary American draughtsmen of the first rank was very nearly complete.

A second exhibition was given in March under the management of Mr. William T. Evans, and was a very fine display of landscapes and marines by American artists. Mr. Evans is known to be one of the best judges of art and most liberal collectors in the city. Many of the pictures exhibited were from his own gallery. There was a very fine landscape by Homer Martin, a scene in Normandy; R. A. Eichelberger's "Surf at East Hampton;" "Rocky Ledge," by A. H. Wyant, loaned by T. W. Bracher; "Moonlight and Frost," loaned by George A. Hearn; "In the Adirondacks," from Mr. Evans' collection; and pictures by George Inness, D. W. Tryon, Thomas and Edward Moran, George H. Bogert, Henry G. Dearth, Ochtman, Dewey, Thayer, Minor, Boggs, Weir, Coffin, Ryder, Platt and Ranger. It included two fine marines and a forest scene by Edward Moran. Mr. Moran has been prominently identified with the artistic interests of the club for many years, and his magnificent paintings illustrative of Columbus's discovery of America were, during an entire year, exhibited in the club house, where they attracted much attention.

Edward
Moran.

This exhibition of American art was followed

in April by an exhibition arranged by Mr. H. T. Chapman, Jr., of paintings by English artists of the last century, including in the exhibition five admirable pictures by Richard Wilson, the portrait of Mrs. Way by Sir Joshua Reynolds, William Etty's "Genius of Morning," two pictures by Thomas Gainsborough, Hogarth's beautiful portrait of Peg Woffington, and admirable works by Constable, Vincent, Barker, Price, and Gilpin; a "Venice" by J. M. W. Turner, loaned by J. W. Bouton; two paintings by "Old" Crome, and a rare picture by his son John Bernay Crome; a portrait of Kemble the actor by Sir Martin Archer Shee, "Family Sorrows," by David Wilkie, "The Farm," by Calcott, loaned by George A. Hearn, and "First Mail Coach," by John F. Herring, loaned by J. C. Hoagland. Three pictures by George Morland, one a masterpiece called "Pigs," loaned by Mr. Chapman, and a marine by Bonington, loaned by Knoedler & Co. This exhibition was deeply interesting and attracted many lovers of art to the club house.

The art committee arranged a permanent loan exhibition of American paintings of very fine quality, which remained in the club house during the entire summer of this year.

Two members of the art committee, while on a visit to Montreal, prevailed upon several owners of fine collections and a few prominent art dealers to loan to the Lotos some fine examples of the old masters of early English and Continental schools. The chief owners of these works were

Sir Wm. C. Van Horne, R. B. Angus, David Morrice and W. G. Learmont. Three pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the "Judgment of Paris," by Eddy, were among those loaned by these collectors.

Other pictures were contributed by Messrs. Arthur Tooth & Sons and Wallis & Son, of London, and Mr. Catholina Lambert, of Paterson, N. J. The pictures were viewed by a large company on Ladies' Day, October 22d, and were kept on view for the benefit of members and their friends for several days. This has been done in the case of nearly all the exhibitions lately given by the Lotos, in order that a better opportunity might be afforded of seeing and studying the fine works than was possible in one afternoon and evening. Very much is due to the committee in charge of these exhibitions. The members have spared no trouble in securing works of the highest artistic quality. Mr. W. T. Evans has presented to the club a fine picture by Arthur Parton, and jointly with Mr. George A. Hearn an important work by Homer Martin. A fine example of the great Spanish artist, Ribera, was the gift of George Fawcett Rowe. With the many fine pictures received from artists for initiation fees and these donations, the paintings now owned by the club form a permanent collection of great value.

In November Mr. Wm. T. Evans arranged an exhibition of American figure pictures of great interest, including rare works by T. W. Dewing, Siddons Mowbray, J. G. Brown, H. O. Walker,

Will H. Low, Eastman Johnson, Winslow Homer, Walter Shirlaw, F. S. Church and Gilbert Gaul. Pictures for this exhibition were loaned by Stanford White, John Gellatly, Samuel T. Shaw, Henry Burgoyne Wilson, Thomas B. Clarke, W. F. King and Edward D. Adams.

In January of this year (1895) Mr. George A. Hearn placed on exhibition his fine specimens of the old Dutch, Flemish, Spanish and Italian schools. The twenty-seven paintings embraced fine works by Myndert Hobbema, Zuccarelli, Albert Cuyp, Solomon Ruysdael, Cornelius Huysmans, Gerard Dow, Joseph Ribera, Nicolas Pousin and Francesco Guardi.

These representative collections afford invaluable assistance to the amateur studying the art of the past and give the artistic character of the club genuine distinction.

Dean Hole, of Rochester Cathedral, England, had contemplated a visit to the United States for nearly a year, and the secretary of the Lotos had received a communication from him accepting an invitation to dinner on his arrival. He came in the fall of 1894, and on the 27th of October he

was entertained by the Lotos. Dean

Dean Hole. Hole's reminiscences had made him widely known as the friend of Dickens, Thackeray, Leech and other great Englishmen of the past generation. A distinguished company gathered to meet him, including the president, Frank R. Lawrence, Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks, Rev. Dr. David H. Greer, Rev. Dr. George H.

McArthur, Rev. Dr. George R. Vandewater, President Schurmann, of Cornell University; Gen. Wager Swayne, Rev. George H. Bottome, Hon. Joseph C. Hendrix, Col. Richard Lathers, Robert Edwin Bonner, George P. Benjamin, E. K. Wright, Henry W. Cannon, Edward B. Harper, William T. Evans, Horatio N. Fraser, George W. Munro and T. W. Bracher. In introducing the guest, Mr. Lawrence said: "Two occasions come to my mind this evening—the Lotos Club's receptions to Charles Kingsley and Dean Stanley. To-night we are equally honored in the privilege of meeting Dean Hole. We cannot greet him without recalling the facts which his reminiscences have made familiar here. We recall him as one who clasped hands with Thackeray and was the friend of Dickens; but it is his own individuality as a man and author that makes him dear to us."

Even at his advanced age Dean Hole looked stout and lusty. He is six feet three inches in height, and his body is built on the typical lines of John Bull. His head is large and covered with a mass of silvery gray hair. His features are strong and have an expression of benevolence and good humor. Dean Hole then arose and spoke in part as follows:

"I can assure you, gentlemen, that when I received your invitation, having heard so much of the literary, artistic and social amenities of your famous club, I resembled in feelings—not in feature—the beautiful bride of Burleigh, when

A trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her night and morn,
With the burden of an honor,
Unto which she was not born.

“I could have quoted the words of the mate in Hood’s ‘Up the Rhine,’ when, during a storm at sea, a titled lady sent for him, and asked him if he could swim. ‘Yes, my lady,’ says he, ‘like a duck!’ ‘That being the case,’ says she, ‘I shall condescend to lay hold of your arm all night.’ ‘Too great an honor for the likes of me,’ says the mate.

“Even when I came into this building—though I am not a shy man, having been educated at Brazen Nose College, and preposterously flattered throughout my life, most probably on account of my size—I had lost this sense of unworthiness; but your gracious reception has not only reassured me, but has induced a delicious hallucination that, at some period forgotten, in some unconscious condition, I have said something, or done something, or written something, which really deserved your approbation. To be serious, I am, of course, aware why this great privilege has been conferred upon me. It is because you have associated me with those great men, with whom I was in happy intercourse, that you have made my heart glad to-night.

“It has ever been my ambition to blend my life, as the great painter does his colors, ‘with brains, sir,’ and I venture to think that such a yearning is a magnificent proof that we are not wholly

destitute of this article, as when the poor wounded soldier exclaimed on hearing the doctor say that he could see his brains: 'Oh, please write home and tell father, for he has always said I never had any.' Be that as it may, my appreciation of my superiors has evoked from them a marvelous sympathy, has led to the formation of very precious friendships and has been my elevator unto the higher abodes of brightness and freshness, as it is to-night.

"Yes, my brothers, it is delightful to dwell 'with brains, sir,' condensed in books in that glorious world—a library—a world which we can traverse without being sick at sea, or footsore on land; in which we can reach the heights of science without leaving our easy chair, hear the nightingales, the poets, with no risk of catarrh, survey the great battlefields of the world unscathed; a world in which we are surrounded by those who, whatever their temporal rank may have been, are its true kings and real nobility, and which places within our reach a wealth more precious than rubies, for all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared with it.

"In this happy world I met Washington Irving, Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, Willis, Longfellow, Whittier, and all your great American authors, historical, poetical, pathetic, humorous, and ever since I have rejoiced to hold converse with them. Nevertheless, it is with our living companions, with our fellow men, who love books, as we do, that this fruition is complete, and so it

comes to pass, in the words of one whose name I speak with a full heart, Oliver Wendell Holmes, that 'a dinner table made up of such material as this is the last triumph of civilization over barbarism.'

"We feel, as our witty Bishop, afterward Archbishop, Magee described himself, when he said, 'I am just now in such a sweet, genial disposition that even a curate might play with me.' We are bold enough to state with Artemus Ward of his regiment, composed exclusively of major generals, that 'we will rest muskets with anybody.'

Linger, I cried, O radiant Time, thy power
Hath nothing else to give. Life is complete
Let but the happy present, hour by hour,
Itself remember and itself repeat.

"And yet one more quotation, wherewith to make some amends for the stupidity of him who quotes lines most appropriate, by Tennyson, from 'The Lotos Eaters,' and repeated by one who has just crossed the Atlantic:

We have had enough of action and of motion we,
Tossed to starboard, tossed to larboard, when the surge
was seething free,
And the wallowing monster spouted his foam fountain on
the sea ;
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind.
In this hollow Lotos land to live and lie reclined
(Here where the Queen of Clubs so royally we've dined),
On the hills, like gods together, careless of mankind.

"And now, gentlemen, let me give

"Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor.'

Then President Schurmann, of Cornell, welcomed the Dean on behalf of the universities. He was followed by Dr. MacArthur, who made a fine speech and paid a splendid tribute to the guest of the evening. Mr. Brooks was the next speaker. Dr. Greer raised many a laugh by his witty remarks. One of his stories was of a man who in making a speech on the Old Testament prophets went into great detail and was extremely prosy. He got through the major prophets and came to the minor ones.

"Now, my friends, where shall we place Hosea?" A man at the back of the room said:

"Here, sir; you may give him my place."

The popular novelist, Dr. A. Conan Doyle, was the guest of the Lotos Club, November 18th. Dr. Doyle is not more than thirty-five years of age, closely fulfilling his own conditions of the man most to be envied—"a writer of romances who has not passed his thirty-third year." He comes of a family of artists and literary men, his grandfather having been a famous caricaturist, and one of his uncles the famous Richard Doyle of the early days of London "Punch," and another, James Doyle, the historian. He studied medicine, and at nineteen went to the Arctic regions as medical officer of a whaler. On his return to Edinburgh he continued his medical studies and there met Dr. James Bell, the eminent surgeon, the man who suggested "Sherlock Holmes," his most famous character. Two hundred members and guests of the Lotos gathered

A. Conan
Doyle.

to greet him. President Lawrence made a highly flattering address of welcome, and, when he presented Dr. Doyle, he was blushing at the kind things said of him. In responding, among other things, he said :

“ There was a time in my life which I divided among my patients and literature. It is hard to say which suffered most. But during that time I longed to travel as only a man to whom travel is impossible does long for it, and, most of all, I longed to travel in the United States. Since this was impossible, I contented myself with reading a good deal about them and building up an ideal United States in my own imagination. This is notoriously a dangerous thing to do. I have come to the United States ; I have traveled from five to six thousand miles through them, and I find that my ideal picture is not to be whittled down, but to be enlarged on every side.

“ I have heard even Americans say that life is too prosaic over here ; that romance is wanting. I do not know what they mean. Romance is the very air they breathe. You are hedged in with romance on every side. I can take a morning train in this city of New York, I can pass up the historic and beautiful Hudson, I can dine at Schenectady, where the Huron and the Canadian did such bloody work ; and before evening I have found myself in the Adirondack forests, where the bear and the panther are still to be shot, and where within four generations the Indian and the frontiersman still fought for the mastery. With

a rifle and a canoe you can glide into one of the black eddies which have been left by the stream of civilization.

“I feel keenly the romance of Europe. I love the memories of the shattered castle and the crumbling abbey; of the steel-clad knight and the archer; but to me the romance of the redskin and the trapper is more vivid, as being more recent. It is so piquant also to stay in a comfortable inn, where you can have your hair dressed by a barber, at the same place where a century ago you might have been left with no hair to dress.

“Then there is the romance of this very city. On the first day of my arrival I inquired for the highest building, and I ascended it in an elevator—at least they assured me it was an elevator. I thought at first that I had wandered into the dynamite gun. If a man can look down from that point upon the noble bridge, upon the two rivers crowded with shipping, and upon the magnificent city with its thousand evidences of energy and prosperity, and can afterward find nothing better than a sneer to carry back with him across the ocean, he ought to consult a doctor. His heart must be too hard or his head too soft.

“And no less wonderful to me are those Western cities which, without any period of development, seem to spring straight into a full growth of every modern convenience, but where, even among the rush of cable cars and the ringing of telephone bells, one seems still to catch the echoes of the woodsman’s axe and of the scout’s rifle.

“These things are the romance of America, the romance of change, of contrast, of danger met and difficulty overcome, and let me say that we, your kinsmen, upon the other side, exult in your success and in your prosperity, and it is those who know British feeling—true British feeling—best, who will best understand how true are my words. I hope you don't think I say this or that I express my admiration for your country merely because I am addressing an American audience. Those who know me better on the other side will exonerate me from so unworthy a motive.”

President Seth Low, Abram S. Hewitt, W. Bourke Cochran, David Christie Murray, Bartow S. Weeks and William H. McElroy also spoke.

The menu had in its upper right hand corner a portrait of Dr. Doyle, and on its border were characters and scenes from his novels.

On January 12th, 1895, a dinner was given to Col. William L. Strong, the new Mayor. The exciting incidents preceding the election had made this inauguration dinner one of general interest, and, as usual, it was an affair of public importance, both as a gathering of representative persons and in the utterances of the principal parties concerned. Two hundred and forty-eight members and guests attended.

William L.
Strong.

President Frank R. Lawrence presided in a most genial manner at the guests' table.

On his right, in order, were: Mayor Strong, Gen. Horace Porter, president of the Union League Club, and ex-Mayor Abram S. Hewitt. On his

left were Recorder John W. Goff and Judge Edward Patterson. The others at the table were John A. McCall, Job E. Hedges, Chester S. Lord, John A. Taylor, Capt. William Henry White, Gen. C. H. T. Collis and C. C. Beaman.

Among other well-known people present were : S. D. Brewster, ex-Gov. Lounsbury, Fred. W. Brittan, R. E. Bonner, Samuel Shethar, C. N. Wayland, C. H. Coffin, Surrogate J. H. V. Arnold, George F. Spinney, Ellis H. Roberts, E. C. James, Dr. A. M. Northrop, Dr. W. W. Walker, Andrew Little, Francis B. Thurber, George H. Wooster, Rufus F. Cowing, Stanley Middleton, J. H. Flagler, Geo. R. Gibson, Abm. Kling and John E. Milholland.

Mr. Lawrence said that the club had a pleasant custom of asking new Mayors to dinner, and he said that no Mayor was properly or legally installed until he had sat at their board, heard their good counsel, told the club members in strictest confidence all about his plans and had profited by the sage advice that such an occasion brought forth. Washington Irving, he said, related in his history of early New York that the Burgomaster or Mayor used to be selected by weight. New York in its latter days had chosen a Mayor because he was Strong. He said that without flattery he could say that no man was better qualified to discharge the duties of the Mayor's office than the honored guest of the club.

When the Mayor rose to respond he was heartily received. He said in part :

“ In my peregrinations around the world I have

seen somewhere a picture of the lotos eaters. That picture represents a sylvan garden, with beautiful women and men all asleep. That does not represent the Lotos Club. That must have been painted many years before our day. The Lotos Club favors good government, and that's how I came to accept your invitation. You know I am not much of a talker, and, to be frank with you, I was somewhat afraid to come here to-night on that account. Now that I am here, I am frank enough to say that I suppose all you gentlemen will be wanting an office or something else of me."

The Mayor related amusing incidents of how different politicians came to him and told him he belonged to them. Some of them, he said, were women. He was inclined to give the women a fair chance, and he said he had promised them something in connection with the Board of Education. "I have been Mayor just twelve days," said he, "and I never enjoyed any twelve days more in life. I haven't offended any one, and the papers are sustaining me, except in the payment of \$1.80 for a lunch. Just what I'll do in the future I can't tell. I wrote a letter to some friends on October 7th last, saying that if they wanted me to run it would be on a non-partisan basis, and that is just the kind of an administration the Mayor of New York will give you till the last day of his term."

Ex-Mayor Hewitt was next introduced. He delivered an interesting and effective speech. He said:

"I could have wished that it comported with

your sense of propriety to have left me in that retirement to which I was consigned six years ago by the citizens of New York. I don't believe the genial humor of your Mayor will be disturbed if

**Abram S.
Hewitt.**

he performs the promises he has made here to-night. This is the only club that has the power to compel me to leave my house at night and enjoy the charming courtesy which you always furnish. I prefer not to be a member, but always a guest. I doubt whether Mark Tapley, at his happiest period, was so optimistic as Mayor Strong is to-night. Three years is plenty of time, however, for him to change his mind in. After he has made his appointments under the new Power of Removal bill, it is just possible his popularity will begin to wane. I was also promised a Power of Removal bill when I was elected, but the Tammany managers said to me one day that it could not be; for if the public, in a freak of frenzy, should elect a Republican Mayor, it would be very damaging to Tammany Hall to have so much power vested in the Mayor. That has come to pass. Mayor Strong will be able to turn out all the adherents of Tammany Hall and put in officials who will be able to discharge their duties with more fidelity than those now in office. From my own experience, I doubt if the results will be as satisfactory as you expect. The fact is, we are in a transition state at the present time concerning municipal government. We don't understand yet what it means to govern 3,000,000 people. As we don't know yet

how to govern New York, we will hardly know how to govern the Greater New York. The man doesn't live who can make a better charter for this city than the present one. If the Mayor is equal to his position, he will have no difficulty, and it will make no difference if there is not a single additional act passed by the Legislature. Nevertheless, it will be well to strengthen his hands. As one who has passed through this experience and who managed to make every one his enemy, I ask that the mercy be shown to him that was denied to me. Great cities are characteristic of modern civilization. We have got to enlarge our theories to meet these new demands. Let us develop the civic spirit, and if we get hold of a good man, let us strengthen him, and if a bad man comes to the front, he will disappear as suddenly as the Mayor of New York did six years ago at the end of his term."

Mr. Lawrence introduced General Horace Porter, who said he was glad to get in among such a whole-souled lot as the Lotos Club members, "who believed in shortening their days by lengthening their nights." The only way, he was afraid, to break up such a company was to have a Power of Removal bill passed. He said the "cerebral picnic" always begins when a man is called upon to make an after-dinner speech.

"Mayor Strong," said he, "is in the saddle, performing the functions of his office. He has helped to fix the estimates of the running expenses of the city government for the next year; he has outlined

his policy clearly, and he has gone so far as to fix the price of his lunch."

He supposed that what Mayor Strong meant by non-partisanship was that a man wouldn't have to part with all the money he had in the world in order to get an office.

He told of a German citizen who was asked if he had been rated by Dun or Bradstreet, and replied: "No; but I've been raided by dose Barkhurst peoples."

The following letter from Dr. Parkhurst was read:

"CHESTER S. LORD, *Secretary Lotos Club*.

"Dear Sir: I regret exceedingly to say that circumstances with me are such that it is going to be impossible for me to enjoy the honor of being your guest at the dinner to be given to Mayor Strong. I write this with deep regret, but I am the victim of circumstances that are beyond my control.

Yours very sincerely,

C. H. PARKHURST."

The other speakers were Recorder Goff, John A. Taylor, Charles C. Beaman, Job E. Hedges, Captain William Henry White and Colonel Edward C. James.

Mr. Anton Seidl has long been known and honored in this community as an accomplished musician and conductor. He has been an apostle of the music of Richard Wagner. To him is principally due the magnificent representations of the

Wagnerian operas which have placed New York on an equal plane with the great centers of music in Germany. The Lotos Club has frequently been favored by the artists of the Metropolitan Opera House, and the brilliant Saturday night entertainments of the past few years have placed the club deeply in debt to the accomplished musicians of the city. No more delightful manner of recognizing this obligation could have been devised than the banquet to Anton Seidl which took place on February 2d. The club house was tastefully decorated with flowers and vines for the occasion. At the guests' table were seated President Frank R. Lawrence, with Mr. Anton Seidl on his right; Richard Arnold, the violinist; William T. Carleton, Joseph Hollman, the violoncellist, F. Sonnekalb, R. Stavenhagen, Herman Ridder, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Henry F. Finck, H. E. Krehbiel, Emil Fischer, Almon Goodwin, E. Francis Hyde, Ashbel P. Fitch, M. de Guerville and Secretary Chester S. Lord. The president made a highly laudatory address in introducing Mr. Seidl. He spoke of his services to musical culture and his great influence in spreading knowledge and appreciation of the works of Richard Wagner, and of the great debt which the community owes to Mr. Seidl for the high position it occupies in the world of music. Mr. Seidl was received with great enthusiasm. He made an admirable speech, acknowledging his pride and gratification at the appreciation which had been shown him and the kind sentiments ex-

pressed in the introductory speech of the president.

Mr. Lawrence then called upon Mr. Finck, who paid a warm tribute to Mr. Seidl. Following there was some music. In the course of the evening Richard Arnold played several selections on the violin, William T. Carleton and Mr. McKinley sang and Joseph Hollman delighted everybody with his violoncello performances.

Mr. de Guerville, who has recently returned from the East, where he witnessed the fall of Port Arthur, told some anecdotes of his travels.

Mr. Lawrence next introduced Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, saying he had been away from the club for so long that they almost looked upon him as the prodigal son.

Col. Ingersoll had a hearty reception. He delivered one of the most eloquent speeches ever listened to in the club house. He said that the people who had helped to educate him were Robert Burns, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Wagner and some whose names he did not know, but who were responsible for Greek sculpture. Nothing, he declared, would ever be produced to surpass those marbles. No dramatic author would ever write anything to excel Shakespeare, and no music, in his opinion, would ever be produced by a human brain greater than the music of Richard Wagner. He ended by saying that he considered Mr. Seidl the greatest interpreter of Wagner's music there was in the world.

**Robert G.
Ingersoll.**

This entertainment closed in the happiest manner the record of twenty-five years of dinners and receptions.

From the beginning the Lotos Club has been celebrated for its banquets. These have been given to distinguished men in every walk of life. Especially has it been the business of the club to welcome those distinguished in literature and art from foreign countries. These men come here accredited by their contributions to the intellectual possessions of the educated world, and have a superior claim upon the hospitality and honor of all who enjoy the pleasures of the mind. This hospitality has made the club an international exchange where the social obligations of the community to authors and artists have been valued and paid. Those who have attended these banquets for a long period have a storehouse of precious memories and an abiding sense of the worth of such associations as the club has cultivated.

Occasional articles meet the eye in current literature on the decadence of oratory. The writers of these articles are apprehensive that there are to be no more such orators as we read of in the history of the last two hundred years. A course of Lotos Club banquets is a good corrective of these doubts. Some truth may lie in the assertion that the influence of the spoken word has declined, and that the universality of the reading habit has rendered the voice of the orator less potential in serious matters of business and politics; but in the arts which relax the strain of effort and render life

attractive, eloquence rivals in power if it does not surpass in the highest qualities of intellectual effort the gift of poetry. In the old days it used to be said that at abolition meetings eloquence was "dog cheap," and the same thing can be said of eloquence at the Lotos Club. Even at the last dinner recorded in these pages, there was an exhibition of it that might rank, even if in a less formal style, with the ancient specimens that are contained in the old readers and recitations of the country school.

An exhaustive history of the Lotos Club, which should contain a full report of the speeches which have been made at its brilliant receptions and banquets, would require a volume of a thousand pages. As this brief history shows, it has had the good fortune to entertain nearly all the men of ability and distinction who have visited New York during the past twenty-five years, and it has gathered at its board the first poets and orators of the time to meet and do honor to its guests. Mr. Whitelaw Reid was unsurpassed as a presiding officer and speaker on these occasions; and since he retired from the presidency the club has had his sympathy and assistance, and still numbers him among its active members. Under Mr. Frank R. Lawrence, who succeeded Mr. Reid, it has prospered greatly, increased in membership and resources, and in a house of its own has a better guarantee of permanence than at any previous time. As a presiding officer and after-dinner speaker Mr. Lawrence has proved entirely worthy

to follow his eminent predecessor in office. The luster of its entertainments is undiminished. Its recent functions, its dinners, receptions and art exhibitions, have been fully equal to those of past years, and there is every reason to hope that they will so continue.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

SPEECH OF PRESIDENT FRANK R. LAWRENCE AT THE FAREWELL DINNER TO HON. WHITELAW REID, APRIL 27TH, 1889.

Gentlemen of the Lotos Club: The lotos plant gives forth fruits to-night, for we meet to do honor to one who holds the warmest place in our regard. It is almost a score of years now since a little band of good fellows—actors and artists and journalists, and with here and there a lawyer and doctor—formed the Lotos Club. Some of them were already known in the world beyond, and among those was our guest of this evening, who became a member of the club in its very earliest days. He has been its president during more than half the period of its life, and his presidency embraces the most happy and prosperous years of the organization to which all its members are so much attached. He leaves us now for a time, and although the position which he now assumes is not larger or more important than that which he has long held in the public eye, we feel that a new dignity goes with it. We feel it an honor to have a member of this club, and one so well identified with its history, as the ambassador from one to the other of the two great nations of freemen upon the earth. He goes, gentlemen, but he leaves behind him the kindest memories and carries with him our warmest wishes. Surely so long a course of training as he has had in this club, if a man can but survive it, ought to fit any one for the highest arts of diplomacy, and we shall hope to hear of his expressing that broad good-fellowship that he has learned within these walls. We know, gentlemen, that in all that he may do in public life his course will tend to redound to the honor and glory of the American name, and, speeding him now with kindest good wishes, we feel assured that in his official career there will be times amid the cares of state when he will remember the old careless companions of the happy days of the Lotos Club, the days when it seemed always afternoon.

SPEECH OF HON. WHITELAW REID AT THE DINNER IN HIS
HONOR, APRIL 30TH, 1892, ON HIS RETURN FROM FRANCE.

It is evident that the traditions of the Lotos Club are preserved. We always praised our guests—sometimes too much!

It seems to me that, in days gone by, I have sometimes heard the Lotos spoken of also as the club where they always entertain foreigners. I wish it distinctly understood that this is no occasion of that sort. You are entertaining no foreigner to-night.

Furthermore, you are entertaining a man who feels uncommonly at home. Several things have happened to inspire such a feeling. I have ridden uptown hanging to a strap in a Sixth Avenue elevated with the market basket of the woman behind poking me in the ribs and the heels of the man in front reposing on my toes. I have been invited to deliver a lecture, and I have had an opportunity to make a political speech. My friend the reporter has interviewed me, once or twice, I think; and I have even been asked to write for the newspapers.

And then there are the same glorious sunshiny skies above us, and the same electric air about us, whether in the atmosphere or in the people. There is the same warm-hearted appreciation for any little public service one may have been able to render, and the same truly American readiness to pardon mistakes in recognition of an honest motive. There is the same open-handed hospitality from all classes of a community that permits political differences to interfere less with its social good-will and genuine friendliness than any other on the face of the globe.

In this very club there are probably now, as there always were in the past, more Democrats than Republicans. Political critics were accustomed sometimes to point to that as a fair measure of my personal influence. It seemed to me a fairer measure of that broad-minded tolerance which characterizes men of the large world, and which lies at the very foundation of our democratic institutions, a genuine belief in the maxim of the immortal Scotchman, that whatever the difference in birth, or in fortune or in faith, "a man's a man for a' that."

There is one advantage of a long absence from home that furnishes a certain satisfaction. You come back to your own country with fresh eyes. And it is amazing what things you see, and how much better you see them. Never did I realize so fully the beauties of our incomparable Central Park as when I came to it, after a three years' absence, fresh from the Bois de Boulogne. The man is a public enemy who would deface or curtail it; and I hope this club and all men of good taste and good will in this whole community will support the spirited young president of the Park Commission, and his colleagues, in their resolute defense of it against every specious scheme of spoliation, from whatever quarter it may come.

Then there is our architecture. We are apt, in a shame-faced way, to say, "Well, New York must look rather crude, after the splendid architecture of the great European capitals." But the fresh eye tells a different story. It does not deceive us by saying that we have here a Louvre or a Madeleine, or a Place de la Concorde, or even a Hotel de Ville. But it does startle us with the revelation of an unsuspected beauty in such a shabby old gem as the City Hall; it does make an old newspaper man feel pretty well satisfied with Printing House Square, to say nothing of Wall Street and Broadway; and it does show a variety and a beauty of architectural effect uptown that begins to warrant us now in being as proud of the exteriors of our houses as we long have been of their interiors.

And do you know that, to a man who has been haunting the old bookshops on the Quai Voltaire and behind it, or the bric-a-brac shops beyond the Place de la Republique or the old site of the Bastille, or who has occasionally, on nights of political excitement, explored the heights of Montmartre or the byways of the Faubourg St. Antoine, the streets of New York do not look as badly, in many quarters at least, as he had expected. We have imitated Parisian methods in asphalt to unexpected advantage. If now we could only import the efficiency of the Parisian broom!

This morning I read in the newspapers that we were to have the pleasure of the company here this evening of my distinguished successor near the government of the French

republic. This afternoon he told me he had been summoned to Boston. I should have been glad to extend to him here my congratulations and best wishes.

When I saw him last he was in the midst of his successful diplomatic work in the fruitful Pan-American Congress. I wish him the same success and the same enjoyment in the brilliant capital for which he is now nominated. And I take this opportunity to reassure him as to any fears concerning it which our newspaper dispatches for the last few days may have aroused. He need have no apprehensions that Paris will be blown up and scattered to the winds before he gets there. It has been a long time building, and it will not be destroyed in a hurry. Neither need he accept too literally the story that a few explosions of blasting material have stampeded the Parisians. They have seen some serious things in their day, and they are not easily stampeded. The city that went through the Reign of Terror, that knew both the glory and the downfall of the greatest soldier since Cæsar, that endured the siege by the Germans, and its own Commune, has learned several things from this varied experience—among them, how to deal with lunatics and mobs. Personally, I should feel safer myself to-morrow in the company of my friend the prefect of police in Paris than I should on one of the boats of my other friend, John H. Starin, on the next Fourth of July picnic. Whatever happens to-morrow—and most likely it will be nothing—Mr. Coolidge will find himself, when he presents his credentials, in what will be still the gayest, the pleasantest, and the most beautiful city of the world, and he will find there a welcome as cordial as the national friendship it represents is old.

It is a great pleasure in returning home after a long absence to find that one's place has been kept for him, that he has not been forgotten, and that, while the procession has certainly moved on without him, it can still give him room in its ranks. It is a peculiar pleasure to be received here. What reminiscences do not the place and the surroundings call up; what memories of this hall, and of the older one in Irving Place, next door to the Academy of Music, when life was young and joy was unconfined! There we greeted Canon Kingsley and Lord Houghton and Rubinstein and the King of the Sand-

wich Islands—but one of them left now, and he a sovereign in art. Here we greeted Froude and Matthew Arnold and Henry Irving and Count de Lesseps, and William S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, and what a host beside. And to name only three of our own people, can any one fail to remember with a tender reverence our last dinners here to John Brougham, Lester Wallack and John Gilbert? Ah! me—in spite of the Lotos Club, the world is growing old!

I cannot thank you too much, Mr. President, or the club you so worthily represent, for the kindness which has marked every detail of this most gracious reception; for the care with which you have gathered many old friends to meet me, and for the effort to bring still others. Two of your letters to-night, not to allude to many others, have touched me profoundly; the most generous words of George William Curtis and Edmund Clarence Stedman.

But I must bring this rambling talk to a close. I am not here to-night to entertain, even if I could, but to be entertained. And besides, there has been just a little too much of my voice heard in the land for the three weeks or more I have been on American soil. I have no wish to wear out my welcome, and I mean to stay here some time. Plainly the hour has struck for a brilliant flash of silence from me. I thank you a thousand times for all your good will and good opinions—would that I deserved them better. I rejoice with you in the prosperity of the good old club, and I drink to the good health, happiness and long life of its president and of all its members.

THURE ET FIDIBUS.

POEM READ AT THE BANQUET TO HON. WHITELAW REID
ON HIS RETURN FROM FRANCE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.

Dark streamers of the eastern gale
Blown far across the desert sea,
Your wings have filled the snowy sail
That brings my comrade back to me!
Through glist'ning surge and flying foam
Your stormy pinions waft him home.

II.

Cold waves that beat the murmuring shore—
 Sad pulsing throbs of ocean's breast—
 Your grieving cadence mourns no more,
 Your sobbing requiem dies to rest.
 When now, by all fame's banner fanned,
 The laureled wanderer comes to land.

III.

No longer now our weary eyes
 Gaze down the empty ocean track ;
 No more we muse with stifled sighs
 On ships that sailed and came not back—
 Glad hopes that flew on fancy's wing,
 When all the world was love and spring.

IV.

For now the hollow cave of night,
 The silent deep of Time and Space,
 Through many a rift of diamond light
 Yield up our argosy of grace ;
 And all sweet airs of heaven enfold
 Its silver sails and spars of gold.

V.

The lion heart that never quailed,
 The patient spirit, sweetly wise,
 The equal mind, howe'er assailed
 By grief that blights and Time that tries.
 Those are the glories that she bore,
 And those the riches come to shore.

VI.

There should be fairer flowers than these,
 And all the bells of joy should ring
 Their music on the perfumed breeze
 With sweeter songs than I can sing—
 On whose frail harp the sunset ray
 Of passion long has died away.

VII.

Yet once again its fragile strings,
 Slow trembling to my trembling touch,
 At least may wake to honor things
 So precious and beloved so much—
 Truth, valor, kindness—all that blend
 To make the champion and the friend !

VIII.

His world of hope he crowned in this !
 Bloom 'round him, wheresoe'er he goes,
 White lilies of perpetual bliss
 Entwined with honor's fadeless rose !
 May all be his that love can give,
 And all for which 'tis life to live !

SPEECH OF COL. THOMAS W. KNOX AT THE DINNER TO HON.
 WHITE LAW REID, APRIL 30TH, 1892.

There is a mistake in calling any one to speak for the old members of the Lotos Club, and the mistake reminds me of a little story. An old toper once heard a discussion in which some one denounced a certain brand of whisky as bad ; when he heard the remark, he interrupted the conversation by saying : " Excuse me, gentlemen, there is whisky that is better than other whisky, but there is no bad whisky." Now I would say to our most worthy president : " Excuse me, there are members of the Lotos Club that are younger than other members, but there are no old members "

We are all of us young, especially when we meet as we are met to-night. The guest of the evening is a young man ; it is true that he has a history and a past behind him, but he has the capacity and the promise of a future that will make the past seem very insignificant. I well remember my first meeting with him. It was only a short time ago, just after the battle of Shiloh, of which he had written one of the best battle descriptions that appeared in the newspapers during the war. His ambition then was to serve " The Cincinnati Gazette " so well that it would send him to Washington as its

correspondent after the war was over. He obtained his wish and went to Washington as the "Gazette's" correspondent, and from Washington he came to New York, as we well know. History is said to repeat itself; perhaps in about ten months from now he may get back to Washington again.

This dinner to-night is not only a welcome home for our former president, but it is also an anniversary of which he may not be aware. Exactly twenty years ago to-day, on the 30th of April, 1872, he was put up as a candidate for membership in the Lotos Club. A little history may not be out of place by way of information to our younger members and of reminiscence to some who are not so young. In the second year of the club dissensions arose, and the dissensions resulted in a split. Every member was arrayed on one side or the other of the fight, and some were on both sides of it; we had elected a president who refused to serve, and it was impossible to choose a president from our number as it then was.

In this emergency we decided to follow the example of distracted countries on the other side of the Atlantic when they invite a foreign prince to be their king. We determined to go outside of the club and invite some gentleman who was identified with literature, art or journalism, to become one of us and immediately take office as our president. The invitation was given to Mr. Reid, and I had the honor of bearing to him the invitation on the 29th of April, 1872. He said he would consider it and give me an answer on the following day. His answer was favorable, his name was at once bulletined, he was elected to membership on the 16th of May, and he was elected president two days later, eighty-eight votes being cast and all of them in his favor. An hour after his election he was installed into office, and from that time onward there was no more disunion in the Lotos Club.

Before his election the disgruntled malcontents started a rival club, which had a struggling existence of a few years and then became one of the clubs that had been. The effect of the formation of the rival club was to stimulate the members of the Lotos to do all in their power for its prosperity, and there can be no doubt that the stimulus of opposition was of great benefit to us.

Those of us who have been members of the club from its be-

ginning cannot fail to regard the growth of the Lotos with a good deal of satisfaction, and a considerable share of that satisfaction belongs to our former president, whose counsels were always prudent and at the same time showed his confidence in the club's strength and ability. More than once he solved in a few minutes questions that had puzzled the directory for days and days together, and more than once in a meeting of the club he converted into the happiest of happy families what had threatened to be a very turbulent bear garden.

There are not many now of the membership of twenty years ago, but I contend, as I did when called to my feet, that we are not to be classed as old members. We are all young and adhere to the motto of the Lotos Eaters, which you will find on the first page of the club manual :

“ In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.”

SPEECH OF SIR EDWIN ARNOLD AT THE BANQUET IN HIS
HONOR, OCTOBER 31ST, 1891.

In rising to return my sincere thanks for the high honor done to me by this magnificent banquet, by its lavish opulence of welcome, by its goodly company, by the English so far too flattering which has been employed by the President, and by the generous warmth with which you have received my name, I should be wholly unable to sustain the heavy burden of my gratitude but for a consideration of which I will presently speak.

To-night must always be for me indeed a memorable occasion. Many a time and oft, during the seven lustrums composing my life, I have had personal reason to rejoice at the splendid mistake committed by Christopher Columbus in discovering your now famous and powerful country. When his caravels put forth from our side of the Atlantic he had no expectation whatever, contrary to the general belief and statement, of discovering a new world. He was at that time thinking of and searching for a very ancient land, the empire of Xipangu, or Japan, at that era much and mysteriously talked about by Marco Polo and other travelers, but by a splendid blunder he stumbled upon America.

I have good reason to greet his name in memory apart from certain other not unimportant results of his error, owing as I do to him the prodigious debt of a dear American wife now with God—of children, half American and half English, of countless friends, of a large part of my literary reputation, and, to crown all, this memorable evening. *Nox cœnaque Deum*, which, of itself, would be enough to reward me for more than I have done, and to encourage me in a much more arduous task than even that which I have undertaken.

I am to-night the proud and happy guest of a club celebrated all over the world for its brilliant fellowship, its broad enlightenment, and its large and gracious hospitalities. I see around me here those who worthily reflect, by their weight, their learning, their social, civil, literary and artistic achievements and accomplishments, the best intellect of this vast and noble land, and I have been pleasantly made aware that other well-known Americans, although absent in person, are present in spirit to-night at this board. Comprehending these things as I do, and by the significance which underlies them, it is a special regret that I do not command any such gift of easy speech as seems indigenous to this country, for truly it appears to me that almost every cultured American gentleman, and many that are not cultured, are born powerful and persuasive orators.

How, lacking this, can I hope to give any adequate utterances to the gratitude, the respect, the deep amity, the ardent good will with which my heart is laden? An Arab proverb says "The camel knows himself when he goes under a mountain," and if I have sometimes flattered myself that much duty and long habitude with the world and its leaders had made me in some slight degree master of my native tongue, the tumult of pride and pleasure which fills my breast at this hour makes me understand that I must not trust to-night to my unpracticed powers, and rely almost entirely on your boundless kindness and assured indulgence.

Indeed, gentlemen, I think I should become at once inarticulate and take refuge in the safe retreat of silence but for that consideration of which I spoke in the beginning. One can never tell what excellent things a man might have said who holds his tongue, and I remember with what agreement I

heard Mr. Lowell at the Savage Club in London remark that all of his best speeches were made in the carriage going home at night.

But I have not the conceit to believe that your splendid welcome of this evening is intended solely for me, or for my writings. In truth, although I say this in a certain confidence, and do not wish the observation to go far beyond this banquet chamber, I have no high opinion of myself. The true artist can never lose sight of the abyss which separates his ideal from that which he has realized. I am confidently and joyously aware that in my comparatively unimportant person, gentlemen, you salute to-night with the large-heartedness characteristic of your land and of the Lotos Club in particular, the heart of that other and older England which also loves you well,* and through me to-night warmly and sincerely greets you.

Moreover, the lowliest ambassador derives a measure of dignity from the commission of a mighty sovereign, and the conviction that supports me this evening is that in my unworthy self the men of letters of the cisatlantic and transatlantic lands are here joining hands, and that if I may in humility speak for my literary countrymen they also here and now warmly salute those of your race, not the less warmly because America has wholly decreed a signal deed of justice toward English authors in her copyright act. Some years ago I wrote the little verses in the preface of a book dedicated to my numerous friends in America, which ran like this :

“Thou new Great Britain, famous, free and bright,
West of thy West sleepeth my ancient East ;
Our sunsets make thy moons, daytime and night
Meet in sweet morning promise on thy breast.

“Fulfill the promise, lady of wide lands,
Where with thine own an English singer ranks ;
I who found favor from my sovereign hands
Kiss them and at thy feet lay this for thanks.”

Your Legislature has since rendered my statement absolutely true, and has given full citizenship in this country to every English author. Personally I was never a fanatic on the matter. I have always rather had a tenderness for those

buccaneers of the ocean of books who, in nefarious bottoms, carried my poetical goods far and wide, without any charge for freight.

Laurels, in my opinion, for they can be won, are meant to be worn with thankfulness and modesty, not to be eaten like salad or boiled like cabbage for the pot. and when some of my comrades have said impatiently about that more thoughtful work that writers must leave, I have, perhaps, vexed them by replying like an old friend who said "Marquis Je ne vois pas la nécessité." An author who aspires to fame and an independent gratitude bestowed for true creative service to mankind should be content, I hold, with those lofty and inestimable rewards, and not demand bread and butter also from the high muses, as if they were German waitresses in a coffee house. Other ways of earning daily bread should be followed.

If profit comes, of course, it is to men, poets and authors welcome enough, and justice is ever the best of all excellent things, but the one priceless reward for a true poet or sincere thinker lives surely in the service his work has done to his generation and in the precious friendships which even I have found enrich his existence and embellish his path in life. But this excursion in the literary rights now equitably established leads me to touch upon the noble community of language which our two countries possess.

I am not what Canning described as the friend of every country but his own. Rather in the best and worst sense of the word, I am a darn Britisher, who rejoices to think that her Majesty, the sovereign, is the best and noblest of all noble ladies, and that the "Queen's morning drum beats around the world." But it was an American who first uttered that fine phrase, and your greatness also marches to the glorious reveille. You, too, besides your own ample glories, have a large part by kinship and common speech in the work which England has done and is doing in Asia by giving peace and development to India, in Africa by fostering commerce and preserving order, in Egypt by opening the Dark Continent, as well as peopling Australia and many a distant colony with her industrious children.

Half of all this I consider is America's, as I also claim a

large and substantial part in the spread of the Anglo-Saxon race through this vast New World under that lovely and honored banner, about which I must think our old poet was dreaming when he sang :

“ Her lightness and brightness do shine in such splendor
That none but the stars are thought fit to attend her.”

Beyond all I saw we share together that glorious language of Shakespeare which it will be our common duty, and I think our manifest destiny, to establish as the general tongue of the globe. This seems to be inevitable, not without a certain philological regret, since, if I were to choose an old tongue, I think I would prefer, for its music and its majesty, the beautiful Castilian. Nevertheless, the whole world must eventually talk our speech, which is already so prevalent that to circumnavigate the globe none other is necessary, and even the by-streets of Japan, the bazaars of India and China, and the villages of Malaya on half their shops write up the name and goods in English. Is not this alone well nigh enough to link us in pride and peace? The English poet Cowper has nobly written :

“ Time was when it was praise and boast enough,
In every clime a traveler where we might,
That we were born her children ; fame enough
To fill the mission of a common man,
That Chatham's language was his native tongue.”

Let us all try to keep in speech and in writing as close as we can to the pure English that Shakespeare and Milton and, in these later times, Longfellow, Emerson and Hawthorne have fixed. It will not be easy. Conversing recently with Lord Tennyson, and expressing similar opinions; he said to me : “ It is bad for us that English will always be a spoken speech, since that means that it will always be changing ;” and so the time will come when you and I will be as hard to read for the common people as Chaucer is to-day. You remember, gentlemen, what opinion your brilliant humorist, Artemus Ward, let fall of that ancient singer. “ Mr. Chonser,” he observed casually, “ is an admirable poet, but as a spellist a very decided failnre.”

To the treasure house of that noble tongue, the United

States have splendidly contributed. It would be far poorer to-day without the tender cares of Longfellow, the serene and philosophic pages of Emerson, the convincing wit and clear criticism of my illustrious departed friend, James Russell Lowell, and the Catullus-like perfection of the lyrics of Edgar Allan Poe, and the glorious large-tempered dithyrambs of Walt Whitman. These stately and sacred laurel groves grow here in a garden forever extending, ever carrying further forward for the sake of humanity the irresistible flag of our Saxon supremacy, and leads one to falter in an attempt to eulogize America and the idea of her potency and her promise. The most elaborate panegyric could seem but a weak impertinence which would remind you, perhaps, too vividly of Sydney Smith, who, when he saw his grandchild pat the back of a large turtle, asked her why she did so. The little maid replied: "Grandpapa, I do it to please the turtle." "My child," he answered, "you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter."

I myself once heard in our zoological gardens in London another little girl ask her mamma whether it would hurt the elephant if she offered him a chocolate drop. In that guarded and respectful spirit it is that I venture to tell you here to-night how truly in England the peace and prosperity of your republic is desired, and that there is nothing except good will felt by the mass of our people toward you and nothing but the greatest satisfaction in your wealth and progress.

Between these two majestic sisters of the Saxon blood the hatchet of war is, please God, buried. No cause of quarrel, I think and hope, can ever be otherwise than truly out of proportion to the vaster causes of affection and accord. We have no longer to prove to each other or to the world that Englishmen and Americans are high-spirited and fearless; that Englishmen and Americans alike will do justice, and will have justice, and will put up with nothing else from each other and from the nations at large.

Our proofs are made on both sides and indelibly written on the page of history. Not that I wish to speak platitudes about war. It has been necessary to human progress; it has bred and preserved noble virtues; it has been inevitable and may be again, but it belongs to a low civilization. Other

countries have perhaps not yet reached that point of intimate contact and rational advance, but for us two at least the time seems come when violent decisions, and even talk of them, should be as much abolished between us as cannibalism.

I ventured when in Washington to propose to President Harrison that we should some day, the sooner the better, choose five men of public worth in the United States and five in England; give them gold coats if you please, and a handsome salary, and establish them as a standing and supreme tribunal of arbitration, referring to them the little family fallings-out of America and of England whenever something goes wrong between us about a sealskin in Behring Straits, a lobster pot, an ambassador's letter, a border tariff, or an Irish vote. He showed himself very well disposed toward my suggestion.

Mr. President, in sacredly hoping that you take me to be a better poet than orator, I thank you all from the bottom of my heart for your reception to-night, and personally pray for the tranquillity and prosperity of this great and magnificent republic. Under the circumstances, one word may perhaps be permitted before a company so intellectual and representative as to my purpose in visiting your States. I had the inclination to try this literary experiment, whether a poet might not, with a certain degree of success, himself read the poems which he had composed and best understands them as the promulgator of his own ideas. The boldness of such an enterprise really covers a sincere compliment to America, for that which was possible and even popular in ancient Greece could be nowhere again possible if not in America, which has many great characteristics, and where the audiences are so patient, generous and enlightened. We shall see.

Heartily, gratefully, and with a mind from which the memory of this glorious evening will never be effaced, I thank you for the very friendly and favorable omens of the banquet.

A LOTOS SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE OLD HOUSE IN IRVING PLACE.

[From the Boston Courier.]

There is in the marvelous city of New York a social club, the name of which warms one's heart at the mention. There is a host of other more mighty and more wealthy organizations—clubs of sect, clubs of party, clubs of taste, clubs of aristocracy, clubs for enjoyment, clubs for study, clubs for research, clubs for reform, clubs for conservatism, but the club I speak of is a club for fun.

Its charter does not say this. It sets forth that it is a conclave for social intercourse; but every clubman knows that this expression is too often another name for social discord, perpetual bickerings, childish strife and unsocial companionship. In fact, most clubs are places of perpetual discussion and not of divine peace and joy, as our sisters and mothers would fain suppose. But the sisters and mothers might well feel anxious at the superiority of the attractions of their cozy homes over the pretty little parlors of the respectable Lotos. This is the club of which I speak. It is not yet grown to its full proportions, yet it is a lusty young giant of a couple of years. It does not yet occupy a huge separate building, with a detached roof; yet within its circumscribed area it blossoms and flowers with great luxuriance.

It has a modest house on Irving Place, just out of East Fourteenth Street and next to the Academy of Music. As one enters the latter store, he finds a pretty reading room on the left filled with all papers of the day and week—English, French and American—and many comfortable chairs and tables, and, if it is winter, a bright fire dispensing a grateful heat. Here are posted the various club notices and many subscription lists and the names of those requesting to be made members. In the room beyond this is the refectory or restaurant of the club. There many small tables set in rows, furnished both in all the glory of white cloths and brilliant crystal. The floor is tiled, and at the end of the apartment are large windows of colored glass. Ranged around upon the walls are large photographs of celebrated actors—Jefferson, Gilbert, Wallack, Miss Henriques, Mrs. Sefton, Creswick,

Brougham, Marie Seaback, Mme. Ristori and of many others, whose presence here, either in person or in counterfeit, must always be happily consistent with the atmosphere of the place. Upon the next floor are the parlors, which occupy the entire flat, and which always excite the admiration of English visitors on account of the richness and luxury of their fittings. The carpets are of a warm color; all the windows are hung with handsome curtains, and upon the walls are many pictures of excellent merit. Bronzes ornament the mantels, and the furniture is heavy and has a comfortable hue. Pretty and delicate tables stand here and there, and a fine piano gives promise of much melody. In a rear apartment are more tables, more pictures, more hangings and more rich carpets, together with writing desks and reading chairs. Upon another floor still is a blue room, which is the library. Poor Walter Montgomery gave the club a splendid set of Knight's Shakespeare, with his name written in a flowing hand across the fly-leaf; and never does a Lotos man lay his eyes upon the gilded volumes but he sighs and laments the generous heart that gave them. There is also a fac-simile of the Stratford bust of Shakespeare, all in flesh color, with black eyebrows, red lips and scarlet dress, which sadly puzzles quidnuncs of the club.

Throughout the day the club house seems to have no special life. At about four in the afternoon the upward flow of city men begins and visitors become more frequent. In the evening it is again deserted, as all the men are at the theaters. But about half past ten the rooms fill up rapidly and the place becomes interesting. The critics rush thither with their heads full of praises or condemnation; and they sit down in some quiet corner and dash off a few slips ready for the morning papers. Loud voices arise, and in the lower rooms the crowd becomes thick and smoky. In the front apartment a dozen gather around the tables, and punches are in order. Half a hundred men sit and chat and smoke here and there, and the waiters fly hither and thither on their errands of cheer.

But it is on Saturday night that all the heroes are abroad, and the welkin rings with the efforts of genius to amuse their audience. The Junior Garrick Club has its Saturday dinners, and they are noted throughout London for their jollity and

good humor. Therefore, the Lotos men, always eager to emulate what is comfortable and good, contemplate the inauguration of similar feasts. First, however, they seek to improve on the plan of their English brothers by having a supplementary entertainment in their parlors, to be given by volunteers from among their members or guests. This pleasant feature of Saturday evenings was instituted when the club was started, and has proved a great success. A huge bowl of punch is brewed at half past nine o'clock and set upon the sideboard in the restaurant, while upon a table nearby is a little spread of a salad and biscuit. Ever since Saturday night existed there has been a deep appreciation of it by all mankind. The Lotos Eaters like it and flock to its celebration as if it were a sense of duty. On such occasions every man wanders to Irving Place before ten o'clock and speculates upon what is to amuse him for the next three hours. Every member has the privilege of inviting a limited number of friends, and, as there are many actors in the company, it follows naturally that most of the artists who are strangers in the city will be present on such occasions as the Saturday Nights. And the expectation is fully gratified; for as one drops in at eleven o'clock, perhaps, he will find himself among famous company.

Below stairs all will be smoke and laughter, chat and confusion; while above stairs there will be a decorous company sitting in parlors listening to what is going forward. There will be a thin cloud exhaled from the cigars, and all the faces will be turned toward the piano, where perhaps Mr Sloper, of the Dolby Troupe, is playing some beautiful air of Schuman's. It is to be wished that the mothers and sisters (few men here are supposed to have wives) could look in upon their manly relatives and watch the manner in which they conduct themselves when they compose an audience. No whispering, no talking, no movement. All is quiet as the most sensitive performer could wish, and all critical and appreciative. The chances are that there will be many celebrities in the groups of listeners. You will see, perhaps, the delicate-featured, long-haired Linton, the engraver, sitting as quiet as a rabbit, with his hands in front of him and with his ear toward the piano. The blithe and compliant Levy, with his magical

cornet, may enter from the rear room all smiles and bows. Colby will accompany him, and, after all that preliminary fingering, he will take a pull at his coat front, extend his elbows wide, draw a long breath, and begin the witcheries of his famous Mabel Waltz ; and every clubman will straight-way yearn for the polished area of the waxed floor.

In the audience is the Saxon-blooded Lord Campbell, with his nervous face and slight figure, furtively looking here and there, and listening attentively. Beside him is the immortal Sothorn, fresh from the plaudits of the patrons from Niblo's, vigorously smoking, and possibly regretting his friend Wales. He looks little like Dundreary, with his sandy mustache, red face, iron-gray hair and positive eye ; he is also a good listener, and regards Levy with wondering eyes. There is the vice-president of the club, the tall, handsome, Russian traveler, Colonel Knox, who can write a book and make tea in his brazen teapot with equal facility. Beside him is the dramatic critic of the "Tribune," the sensitive but spirited Winter, who has come, with his mighty stick and wide-awake and Spanish cloak, all the way from Staten Island to spend an evening, or part of one, with these rare companions. Behind him is the great Sir Peter Teazle (John Gilbert), with his huge frame and beaming face, ready to laugh and joke with any good man. He is an old-school actor and an old-school gentleman, and the work of his many years has told but little upon him. Now, after Levy, comes the strange-visaged Bandmann, who is welcomed as he richly deserves. He recites the soliloquy of the moody Hamlet ; and after him comes, perhaps, the broad-chested, manly-looking Stanley, the baritone, from whose deep chest there rolls such melodious thunders that enthusiasm awakes, and the Lotos Eaters arouse themselves to a man and applaud until all Irving Place needs must hear. Then there appears Wehli, the pianist, all gloved and prim, before whom the witty Brougham dashes, and, usurping the office of the committeeman, introduces him as the "Pantaloonic." By this time the smoke grows a little dense ; for all the cigars and cigarettes are at work ; and when, after the pianist, the handsome and good-natured Tom Karl comes forward and seats himself at the piano, he looks a little doubtfully at the cloud. But, notwithstanding, he breaks into Pat

Malloy, and trolls out the pretty, pathetic little song with so sweet a voice that the cigars all go out from neglect, and exclamations of delight break from every mouth. He is a great favorite, and it devolves upon him to sing again. After him again, there may come the slight-framed and sober-looking Sarasate, with his wondrous violin. All who have heard him know him right well. May he never break a string, and may his elbow never stiffen. But it was little Percy Roselle who made us cry. Henri Drayton read Hubert in King John, and the little English lad recited the lines of the unhappy prince with so much fervor and truthful energy that it was not a reproach to manhood to weep.

Then comes the famous John Brougham, fresh from Wallack's, with the bloom of Captain Murphy McGuire scarce brushed from his cheeks, and with the same gravity that he had twenty-five years ago. When he turns his back toward you, then you can see that the common enemy has taken a stout hold on the veteran's neck, but his face tells no tales and his wit is as bright as ever. He comes forward and gives a satirical poem of his own making, *The Hymn of Princes*, and a strong piece of verse it is.

But at last the smoke grows thick and the hour grows small, and the noise of the outer door now and then breaks upon the ear. There are a few more songs, a poem or two, a little strong drumming upon the piano, and all the good men are fain to go below, and the gallant colonel will brew them a pot of—TEA! 'Tis a polite way of intimating that the evening entertainment is done.

LOTOS

*“ In the afternoon they came unto a land,
In which it seemed always afternoon.”*

1894-5

CLUB HOUSE : 556-558 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK,

PRESIDENTS.

*DE WITT VAN BUREN,	1870
A. OAKLEY HALL,	1870-1871
WHITELAW REID,	1872-1875
*JOHN BROUGHAM,	1876-1877.
WHITELAW REID,	1878-1888
FRANK R. LAWRENCE,	1889-

* Deceased.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

F. A. SCHWAB,	1870
THOMAS W. KNOX,	1871
*JOHN BROUGHAM,	1872-1874
C. I. PARDEE,	1872-1874
JOHN BROUGHAM,	1875
THOMAS W. KNOX,	1875
F. A. SCHWAB,	1876
GEORGE H. STORY,	1876
NOAH BROOKS,	1877-1881
C. I. PARDEE,	1877-1881
A. E. MACDONALD,	1882
HORACE PORTER,	1882-1885
FRANK R. LAWRENCE,	1883-1885
C. I. PARDEE,	1886-1888
JOHN H. BIRD,	1889
WILLIAM HENRY WHITE,	1890-1893
EDWARD MORAN,	1894

There were two Vice-Presidents from 1872 to 1886.

* Deceased.

SECRETARIES.

*GEORGE W. HOWS,	1870-1871
J. H. ELLIOT,	1871
CHARLES H. MILLER,	1872
A. F. TAIT,	1873
C. I. PARDEE,	1873
A. E. MACDONALD,	1874-1875
J. H. HAGER,	1874
JOHN ELDERKIN,	1876
*FREDERICK B. NOYES,	1875-1876
JOHN ELDERKIN,	1877
A. E. MACDONALD,	1877
A. E. MACDONALD,	1878-1879
THOMAS W. KNOX,	1880-1889
JOHN ELDERKIN,	1890-1893
WALTER P. PHILLIPS,	1893
CHESTER S. LORD,	1894

There were two Secretaries from 1873 to 1877.

* Deceased.

TREASURERS.

ALBERT WEBER,	1870-1871
*WILLIAM APPLETON,	1872
C. McK. LEOSER,	1873-1874
*C. E. L. HOLMES,	1875-1879
M. C. BOUVIER,	1880-1881
*FREDERICK B. NOYES,	1882
FREDERICK A. BROWN,	1883
*CHARLES G. LINCOLN,	1884
GEORGE A. FRINK,	1885-1888
CHARLES H. COFFIN,	1889
EDWARD B. HARPER,	1890-

* Deceased.

OFFICERS.

1894-1895.

PRESIDENT.

FRANK R. LAWRENCE.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

EDWARD MORAN.

SECRETARY.

CHESTER S. LORD.

TREASURER.

EDWARD B. HARPER.

DIRECTORS.

Class of 1897.

W. T. EVANS,

GEORGE H. WOOSTER,

A. M. PALMER.

Class of 1896.

F. L. MONTAGUE.

Class of 1895.

H. W. RANGER,

FREDERICK T. MURRAY,

JULIAN RIX,

W. W. WALKER,

CHANDOS FULTON.

CHARTER.

EXTRACT FROM LAWS OF NEW YORK.

CHAP. 426 of the Laws of 1873, entitled "An Act to Incorporate the Lotos Club," as amended by Chap. 510 of the Laws of 1881.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows :

SECTION 1.—Whitelaw Reid, John Brougham, Thomas W. Knox, William Appleton, Jr., J. B. Bouton, J. Henry Hager, Daniel Bixby, C. F. Chickering, Charles H. Miller, Charles Inslee Pardee, Thomas E. Morris, and such other persons as are now, or may hereafter become associated with them, are hereby constituted a body corporate by the name of the Lotos Club.

§ 2.—The said corporation shall have power to make and adopt a constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations for the admission and government of its members as well as for their continuance, suspension and expulsion, and further, for the election of its officers, and defining their duties, and for the safe keeping, management and disposition of its property and funds, and for any other purpose of this corpora-

tion. It may also, from time to time, alter or repeal such constitution, by-laws, rules and regulations. No person ceasing to be a member, or his legal representative, shall have any rights, privileges or ownership in, or in regard to the said corporation, or its property by reason of his former ownership.

§ 3.—The said club is hereby authorized and empowered for the purposes of its corporation, but not otherwise, to lease, purchase, take, hold and convey real and personal property, and mortgage the same, to secure the payment of any debt, bond or bonds which the said club may contract, make or issue, but shall not hold real estate exceeding in value, at any time of its acquisition, five hundred thousand dollars.

§ 4.—The said corporation shall also possess the powers, and be subject to the restrictions and liabilities contained in the third title of the eighteenth chapter of the first part of the Revised Statutes.

§ 5.—This Act shall take effect immediately.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I.

SECTION I.—This Constitution is made and adopted pursuant to the Act of Incorporation of the Lotos Club.

SEC. II.—The primary object of this Club shall be to promote social intercourse among journalists, artists and members of the musical and dramatic professions, and representatives, amateurs and friends of Literature, Science and the Fine Arts ; and at least one-third of the members shall be connected with said classes.

SEC. III.—Any gentleman shall be eligible for membership, whatever his vocation.

SEC. IV.—There shall be three classes of members : Resident, Non-resident and Life Members.

SEC. V.—The number of resident members of the Club shall be limited to six hundred.

SEC. VI.—Members residing in the City of New York, or within the radius of thirty miles of the City Hall, shall be classed as resident, except when classed as life members.

ARTICLE II.

GOVERNMENT.

SECTION I.—The Officers shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and nine Directors, who together shall constitute the Directory in which shall be vested the government of the Club.

SEC. II.—Seven of said Directory shall be selected from representatives of Literature, Science, the Fine Arts or the learned professions.

SEC. III.—On the third Saturday of March, 1892, an election shall be held for a President, Vice-President, Treasurer, Secretary and three Directors, to hold office for one year; three Directors to hold office for two years, and three Directors to hold office for three years. And on the third Saturday in March of every year thereafter, an election shall be held for officers whose terms are about to expire, at which election all officers chosen shall hold office for three years, except the President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary, who shall be elected annually. The election shall be determined by ballot, by a majority of the votes actually cast by resident members present at such meeting. Officers chosen at any election shall begin their official terms on the first Monday of the following April.

SEC. IV.—In case of a vacancy in either of the offices above named, except the office of President, the Directory shall, at one of its meetings, select by a majority vote a resident member of the Club to fill

such office until the first Monday of April next succeeding, but in case of a vacancy in the office of President the Directory shall call a special meeting of the Club for the purpose of holding an election to fill such vacancy; notice of such meeting shall be given by mail, and by being posted upon the bulletin board at least fifteen days before the day of such meeting. The term of office of the person elected as President, pursuant to the terms of this provision, shall commence immediately after such election . . .

SEC. V.—Only resident members whose indebtedness to the Club, or for supplies obtained in the Club, does not exceed the sum of five dollars shall be entitled to vote at any election, but no voting by proxy shall be permitted.

SEC. VI.—It shall be the duty of the Directory to call a Special Meeting of the Club to be held on the third Saturday of February in each year, and at which meeting there shall be elected, by ballot, by a majority of the votes actually cast by the resident members present at such meeting, a committee of seven from the body of the Club, which shall be known as a Nominating Committee, whose duty it shall be to nominate Officers and Directors to be voted for at the next election.

Such committee shall be elected by ballot, and tellers shall be appointed to canvass the votes; and it shall be the duty of such committee to post the names of the candidates selected in a conspicuous place in the Club House, at least fifteen days previous to the election.

ARTICLE III.

PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT.

SECTION I.—The President shall preside at all meetings, have the casting vote in case of a tie, and appoint all committees, at meetings of the Club.

SEC. II.—The Vice-President shall preside at all meetings of the Club or Directory, in the absence of the President; and in case of a vacancy occurring in the office of President, shall act as President until the office shall be filled as herein provided.

ARTICLE IV.

SECRETARY.

The Secretary shall attend all meetings of the Club and of the Directory, keep minutes of all proceedings at such meetings, issue all necessary notices, subscribe all correspondences and execute such business as he may be instructed to perform.

ARTICLE V.

TREASURER.

The Treasurer shall cause to be collected, and shall receive all fines, dues and moneys of the Club, keep a regular account thereof, and pay all bills authorized by the Directory. He shall also at each regular meeting of the Directory and at the annual meeting of the Club, present a written report of all financial transactions, accompanied by suggestions. He shall promptly report to the Directory

the condition of any member's account, when the same shall remain unpaid beyond the time prescribed in Article X., Section III. He shall also on the first day of March, in each year, prepare and post on the bulletin board an account showing the receipts and expenditures during his term of office, and the liabilities and cash assets of the Club.

ARTICLE VI.

DIRECTORY.

SECTION I.—The Directory shall hold regular meetings on the last Monday of each month, and upon the request in writing of three Directors the Secretary shall call a special meeting of the Directory.

SEC. II.—The Directory shall have a general supervision of the property of the Club, make all purchases, and authorize and incur all necessary expenditures.

SEC. III.—It shall be the duty of the Directory to inquire rigidly into the character of all persons proposed for membership, and act upon them in the order in which they have been presented.

SEC. IV.—The Directory shall fix penalties not provided for in this Constitution, and shall have power to remit all penalties and dues of members, except that it shall not have power to remit the penalty of suspension provided for in Section III. of Article X.

SEC. V.—The Directory shall also appoint from its members five Standing Committees, as follows :

1st.—On Art ; to consist of three members.

2d.—On Literature ; to consist of three members.

3d.—On Entertainment ; to consist of three members.

4th.—On Management of the House and Finance ; to be called the House Committee, and to consist of five members.

5th.—On Admissions ; to consist of three members.

These Committees shall at each regular meeting of the Directory make a report of their action. They shall be subject to the control of, and may be reorganized by the Directory.

SEC. VI.—The Directory shall appoint for each election, members of the Club not members of the Directory, who shall act as Inspectors and Canvassers of Election, not exceeding five in number.

SEC. VII.—A member of the Directory who shall absent himself from three consecutive regular meetings provided for in the Constitution, or shall leave one of its meetings at which there shall be a quorum without permission or excuse, shall thereupon cease to be a Director, and a vacancy shall exist.

SEC. VIII.—Seven members of the Directory shall constitute a quorum.

SEC. IX.—The Directory may adopt such By-Laws and Rules as they may deem necessary for the proper management and discipline of the Club ; provided the same are not in conflict with this Constitution, and shall make and enforce By-Laws or Rules regulating the admission of strangers and visitors to the privileges of the Club, and prescribe a penalty for any violation of such By-Laws or Rules.

ARTICLE VII.

COMMITTEES.

SECTION I.—The Art Committee may expend such sums as may be appropriated by the Directory or obtained by contributions from members for procuring and exhibiting Works of Art, and shall have general supervision of Art exhibitions.

SEC. II.—The Committee on Literature shall have charge of the Library and Reading Room, with authority to expend such sums of money upon the same as may be appropriated therefor by the Directory, or procured by voluntary subscriptions from members.

SEC. III.—The Committee on Entertainment, from October to April inclusive in each year, shall provide and supervise entertainments or receptions at least once in each month, and may expend such sums of money upon the same as may be appropriated by the Directory or procured by voluntary subscriptions from members.

SEC. IV.—The House Committee shall manage the Club House, engage and dismiss employes, regulate prices, expend such sums of money as may be appropriated to their use, and enforce such By-Laws and Rules as may be prescribed by the Directory. It shall also be their duty to inquire into and report to the Directory all infractions or violations of the rules or regulations of the Club, accompanied by such recommendations in each case as it shall deem advisable. The said Committee shall have power to preserve order in the Club House.

SEC. V.—The Committee on Admissions shall make examination and inquiry respecting the character and qualifications of each individual proposed for membership, and report at every regular meeting of the Directory the names of such persons as they may deem eligible, and shall report the names of all persons proposed whenever required by the Directory.

The proceedings of this Committee shall be secret and confidential. And no member thereof shall be questioned as to the action of said Committee.

ARTICLE VIII.

SECTION I.—Names of candidates shall be entered in a book to be kept in the office of the Club. After such entry is made and signed by the proposer and seconder, the name of a candidate shall be posted on the bulletin board for at least two weeks before being acted upon by the Directory.

The proposer of a candidate for admission to the Club is required to send to the Committee on Admissions a letter giving the name and place of residence of the candidate, his profession or occupation, and such statement of his qualifications as the proposer may deem proper. A letter of recommendation is also required from the seconder.

SEC. II.—The Directory shall vote by ballot for each person so proposed, whose name shall have been reported by the Committee on Admissions, and such person shall be declared elected, unless two ballots are cast in the negative.

SEC. III.—Life members may be elected in the same manner as active members, and shall enjoy the same rights and privileges. They shall be exempt from all dues.

ARTICLE IX.

SECTION I.—The initiation fee for Resident and Non-resident members shall be two hundred (\$200) dollars ; but if the candidate is a professional Actor or Musician, the Directory may, in its discretion, remit any portion of that sum.

SEC. II.—The initiation fee for life members shall be one thousand (\$1,000) dollars. The Directory may, however, elect not more than thirty life members, each of whom shall pay an initiation fee of five hundred dollars (\$500).

SEC. III.—Each resident member shall contribute the sum of sixty dollars as yearly dues, payable quarterly in advance ; non-resident members shall pay one-half the amount paid by resident members as dues ; life members shall be exempt from dues.

SEC. IV. —Any artist who shall be elected a member of the Club may contribute, in lieu of initiation fee, a work of art of the value of at least \$200, to be estimated by the Directory.

SEC. V.—Commissioned officers of the Army and Navy of the United States may be admitted to membership without payment of initiation fee.

SEC. VI.—The Directory may, by a vote of two-thirds of its members present at a regular meeting, reduce the initiation fee for resident members to one

hundred (\$100) dollars. The Directory may also reduce the initiation fee for non-resident members to not less than twenty-five (\$25) dollars.

ARTICLE X.

PENALTIES.

SECTION I.—The Directory shall have power to suspend, fine, or by two-thirds vote of members present, expel any member charged with conduct which endangers or which may endanger the welfare, interest, or character of the Club.

SEC. II.—All charges against members must be presented to the Directory, in writing, by the House Committee, to whom all complaints must first be made. Upon the request in writing to the Directory by any person who has been expelled from membership, or by any member on whom a penalty has been imposed, accompanied by a demand subscribed by five resident members, the Secretary shall call a meeting of the Club to hear any appeal from the decision of the Directory. At such meeting, the action of the Directory may be modified or annulled by a vote of two-thirds of the resident members present.

SEC. III.—The account of every member who is indebted to the Club in any amount shall, with a copy of this section, be sent to him by mail at his last known address, on or before the fifth day of each month. The name of every member who shall have failed to pay such indebtedness, exceeding \$5, by or before the fifteenth day of the month, shall on that day be conspicuously posted in the Club House, and

shall so remain until the account is paid. No member while posted shall receive supplies. Any member while posted as aforesaid may, in the discretion of the Directory, be suspended from the privileges of the Club, or, by a two-thirds vote, may be dropped from the roll of membership. Notice of any such action shall be posted on the bulletin board. The House Committee may at any time limit or suspend the credit of any member.

ARTICLE XI.

AMUSEMENTS.

Card games may be played in such rooms as shall be designated; but the games of poker, loo, and others known as round games and games of hazard shall not be permitted in the Club House.

ARTICLE XII.

MEETINGS.

SECTION I.—The annual meeting of the Club shall be held on the first Monday of April.

SEC. II.—Special meetings of the Club to consider specific subjects may be called at any time by the Directory, and shall be called by the President on the written request of twenty members.

SEC. III.—Notice of every Club meeting shall be posted on the bulletin board, and sent by mail to each member, at least five days prior to the date fixed for holding the same. Twenty-five members shall constitute a quorum.

ARTICLE XIII.

AMENDMENTS.

This Constitution shall only be abrogated or amended at a meeting of the Club, by a vote of two-thirds of the resident members present thereat; and before any proposition to abrogate or amend shall be considered, such proposition, subscribed by at least five resident members, shall be posted on the bulletin board thirty days prior to the date of the meeting, and a copy thereof sent by mail with notice of such meeting.

BY-LAWS.

MEETINGS.

SECTION I.—The rules and orders of *Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Laws* shall govern the meetings of the Club, so far as they are applicable and not inconsistent with these By-Laws.

SEC. II.—Any motion or resolution offered at a meeting of the Club shall, at the request of any member, be reduced to writing before it is acted upon.

SEC. III.—At meetings of the Directory the following shall be the

ORDER OF BUSINESS :

- 1st. Calling the roll.
- 2d. Reading the minutes of the previous meeting.
- 3d. Reports of Treasurer, Secretary, Standing and Select Committees.
- 4th. Motions and resolutions.
- 5th. (At stated meetings) Balloting for members.
- 6th. General Business.

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

SEC. VI. of Article II. of the Constitution shall not be construed to prevent the nomination of other tickets than that presented by the Nominating Com-

mittee; but no candidate shall be eligible whose name shall not have been posted conspicuously in like manner as hereinbefore provided, at least five days previous to the election.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

SECTION I.—All receptions and other entertainments shall be given in the Club House, except when members, at a meeting of the Club, shall otherwise direct.

SEC. II.—At public receptions and entertainments each guest must be provided with a card bearing his name and that of his introducer, signed by a member of the Directory; such card to be delivered to the Club Doorkeeper. No member shall be entitled to more than two cards of invitation to any entertainment at the Club House.

VISITORS.

SECTION I.—Members may introduce persons, not members, residing more than thirty miles from the city, to the Club House, for one day only.

SEC. II.—Members may introduce, as a visitor, for one day only, a resident of the city; such privilege, however, being limited to two visits of the same individual in the course of one year. The names of all visitors shall be inscribed on the Register.

SEC. III.—At the request of a member, the Directory may, by vote, extend to distinguished strangers the privileges of the Club for a period not exceeding three months.

SEC. IV.—Any Director may, upon application of a member, invite to the privileges of the Club House, for two weeks, any non-resident; but such invitations shall not be renewed within six months, except by order of the Directory.

SEC. V.—Members introducing visitors to the Club will be considered responsible for their conduct while in the house, and for any debts that may accrue on their account.

SEC. VI.—Visitors admitted to the privileges of the Club House are expected to settle all indebtedness when contracted.

SEC. VII.—Members of the Yorick Club, of Melbourne; of the Johnsonian Club, of Brisbane; and of other clubs having reciprocal relations with the Lotos, may have the privileges of the Club House for three months from the date of the presentation of their credentials. The Directory may, at its discretion, extend for an additional three months the privileges of such visitors.

SEC. VIII.—Upon written application of two members and on payment of \$25, the House Committee may grant the privileges of the Club for three (3) months to a non-resident visitor. This grant may be renewed for an additional three (3) months at the discretion of the House Committee.

DUES.

SECTION I.—Quarterly dues are payable in advance on the 1st of January, April, July and October.

SEC. II.—Full dues shall be charged all members coming in the Club before the middle of the quarter, and half dues after that period.

SEC. III.—Gentlemen elected members of the Club must pay their initiation fee within three months after the date of such election and notice, otherwise they will be considered to have forfeited their election.

CANDIDATES.

Candidates failing to be elected by the Club shall not again be proposed within six months.

Former members desiring reinstatement must be bulletined and balloted for in the same manner as new applicants for membership.

RESIGNATIONS.

All resignations must be made to the Secretary in writing.

DONATIONS.

No picture or other object of art shall be accepted except with the approval of the Directory.

HOUSE RULES.

1.—The Club House will be open daily from 8 o'clock A. M. until 2 o'clock A. M., but members in the house at any time are not to be influenced as to their departure by this rule.

2.—No subscription paper shall be circulated, advertising placards exhibited, nor any article exposed for sale in the Club House, without the permission of the House Committee.

3.—No book, pamphlet, newspaper or other property, shall be mutilated or removed from the Club House.

4.—Crockery, glassware, furniture or other property of the Club, broken or injured by a member, shall be paid for by him at the time. The amount will be determined with reference to the cost price of the article injured or destroyed.

5.—Complaints, requests, and suggestions must be made to the House Committee in writing. No individual officer shall, under any circumstances, entertain any complaint, request, or suggestion unless presented in accordance with this rule.

6.—In the Card Rooms members shall not engage in conversation or otherwise disturb the players.

7.—No refreshments from the general lunch table shall be served in the Parlors, Library or Card Rooms during the regular Saturday Evening Reunions, nor in the Front Parlor at any time. Smoking is not allowed in the Restaurant until after 8 P.M. Gentlemen will not smoke pipes in any public room except those upon the Billiard Room floor. Private Dining Rooms, for not less than four persons, will be furnished at an extra charge for attendance. Smoking is prohibited in the Front Parlor during the entertainments.

8.—Servants are forbidden to serve supplies, except on the written order of a member, who, if he pays at the time, must write on it the word "paid," with his signature or initials; if he fails to do this, the amount will be charged to him.

No one, while posted, shall receive supplies.

9.—Dogs will not be admitted to the house.

10.—Twice a year a member may extend to a friend living in the city the privileges of the Club House (the Card Room excepted); or to a friend living more than thirty miles from the city, he may, by a card for the purpose, signed by a Director, extend all the privileges of the Club for two consecutive weeks. By a vote of the Directory, a distinguished stranger may receive a four weeks' card.

No one living or doing business in the city or suburbs shall be admitted as a visitor more than twice during the calendar year, except to dinners in the private Dining Room.

For special occasions the Directory may rescind the rule limiting the number of visits of a stranger to the Club.

The name of each visitor shall be entered on the register, with the name of the member introducing him, on the occasion of each visit to the house.

Gentlemen simply calling on members shall be shown into the Reception Room.

Only by permission of the House Committee may a visitor give an entertainment or dinner in the private dining rooms.

11.—Overcoats, hats, umbrellas and canes must be deposited in the places provided for them, but the Club's responsibility of them ceases after 24 hours.

12.—Members shall not give, and servants are strictly forbidden to receive, gratuities.

13.—No games will be allowed in the Billiard Room on Sunday.

14.—The names of members expelled for flagrant violation of the rules, non-payment of indebtedness, or other conduct unbecoming a gentleman, shall be exposed on the Club bulletin for thirty days.

15.—The comfort and convenience of all members of the Club demand strict observance of the By-Laws and House Rules. Repeated violation by any member shall be deemed sufficient ground for suspension or expulsion, and the Doorkeeper shall not admit any person who has been expelled or any member who has been suspended.

16.—All loud, boisterous, profane or vulgar conversation or conduct tending to disturb the peace and good order of the Club, shall be deemed to come within the provisions of Article X., Section I., of the Constitution, and shall subject the offending member

to the penalties therein provided. Upon complaint of any member, it shall be the duty of the House Committee, or any three members thereof, after due consideration, to send a printed copy of this Rule to members whose conduct may have come within its scope.

17.—Gentlemen accepting the privileges of the Club House as visitors are deemed to subject themselves to all the Rules of the Club and to the disabilities created thereby; and in case of any misconduct on the part of any visitor, the Directory may take the same action, as far as practicable, as is provided by the Constitution, By-Laws and Rules of the Club with regard to members.

Members of corresponding clubs are deemed to be within the provisions of this rule.

The privileges granted by a three months' card do not entitle the holder to a member's right of issuing a two weeks' card.

A two weeks' card does not entitle the holder to introduce friends during its term, except at a dinner in a private dining room.

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Turner, G. W.....	1892
Twitchell, F. H.....	1891
Tate, J. M.....	1895
Thom, W. B.....	1895
Tooth, Aug.....	1894

U

Untermeyer, I.....	1893
Untermeyer, S.....	1893
Untermeyer, M.....	1894

V

Vaissier, M.....	1881
Vallentine, B. B.....	1880
Van Anda, C. V.....	1893
Van Brunt, C.....	1893
Van Glahn, J.....	1892
Van Horne, John.....	1891
Van Pelt, Wm. F.....	1885
Van Sickler, S. H.....	1870
Veit, R. C.....	1893
Vietor, George F.....	1888
Vivanti, F. A.....	1893
Von Chelmski, Jan.....	1886
Von Volkenberg, T. S.....	1893
Vreeland, S. S.....	1893
Vrooman, John W.....	1890
Van Duzen, A.....	1894

W

Wainwright, Ellis.....	1893
Waddingham, Wilson.....	1881
Waehner, L. C.....	1881
Walker, N. B.....	1870
Walker, W. W.....	1892
Wall, Frank T.....	1872
Wallace, Thomas H.....	1891
Walsh, J. R.....	1892
Walsh, Jas. Hall.....	1893
Ward, H. S.....	1891
Waterbury, J. I.....	1894

Waters, F. A.....	1893
Watson, Thomas L.....	1892
Watterson, Henry.....	1880
Wayland, C. N.....	1874
Webb, Charles N.....	1873
Webb, H. W.....	1892
Webb, Gen. Wm. E.....	1872
Webb, W. E.....	1884
Weber, H. J.....	1893
Weber, O. B.....	1893
Weigley, F. S.....	1894
Welch, Uriah.....	1894
Wellcome, Henry S.....	1884
Wells, J. D.....	1890
Wemple, C. Y.....	1881
Wheeler, Obed.....	1894
Wheeler, Wm. B.....	1894
White, Creda E.....	1880
White, George Dana.....	1892
White, Wm. H.....	1884
Whitney, A. M.....	1893
Whitney, T. B.....	1880
Whittridge, Worthington.....	1872
Wickham, George S.....	1879
Wilcox, Robert M.....	1888
Wiles, Irving R.....	1894
Wilkinson, J. B.....	1894
Willard, E. S.....	1893
Wilson, Charles G.....	1889
Wilson, Floyd B.....	1886
Winans, W. G.....	1892
Windmuller, Louis.....	1887

Witthaus, R. A.....	1879
Wood, H. H.....	1892
Wood, T. H.....	1891
Woodford, M. H.....	1893
Woodhouse, L. G.....	1893
Woollett, Sidney.....	1892
Wooster, George, H.....	1891
Wray, Samuel.....	1891
Wright, J. E.....	1894
Wheatcroft, Nelson.....	1894
White, F. W.....	1895

Y

Yandell, Charles R.....	1894
Young, John Russell.....	1881
Yuengling, D. G.....	1889

Z

Zimmerman, Eugene.....	1888
Zimmerman, Martin.....	1881

LIFE MEMBERS.

Arnold, Edwin.....	1892
Bacon, Henry.....	1874
Carley, F. D.....	1883
Cropsey, J. F.....	1874
Dolph, J. H.....	1894
Eaton, C. Harry.....	1892
Evans, W. T.....	1895
Hall, A. Oakey.....	1870
Hart, William.....	1874
Herkomer, Hubert.....	1883
Jefferson, Joseph.....	1883
Johnson, Eastman.....	1874
Lafarge, John.....	1872
Macy, W. S.....	1891
Middleton, Stanley.....	1894
Miller, Charles H.....	1881
Miller, F.....	1886
Moore, R. E.....	1874
Moran, Edward.....	1874
Moran, Thomas.....	1887
Moscheles, Felix.....	1885
Picard, Joseph A.....	1872

Ranger, Henry W.....	1892
Somerville, Robert.....	1872
Squire, Watson C.....	1870
Stewart, Thomas E.....	1870
Story, George H.....	1872
Tait, A. F.....	1872
Von Chelmski, Jan.....	1886
Waddingham, Wilson.....	1881
Whittredge, Worthington.....	1872

NECROLOGY.

Van Buren, D. W.....	1870	Henderson, Alexander.....	1886
Montgomery, Walter.....	1871	Seager, Charles L.....	1886
Hagan, Theodore.....	1872	Pease, Charles E.....	1886
Baker, Frank.....	1873	Dennis, J. Frederick.....	1886
Brelsford, C. M.....	1873	Stevens, Timothy.....	1886
Hayes, James E.....	1873	Cohen, A. A.....	1887
Miner, A. B.....	1874	Chubb, Thomas C.....	1887
Smith, Mark.....	1874	Brooks, H. G.....	1887
Burling, Gilbert.....	1875	Mitchell, Alexander.....	1887
Stocking, W. F.....	1875	Raymond, John T.....	1887
Cleveland, J. F.....	1876	Smith, R. Penn.....	1887
Dyas, Edward.....	1876	Smith, Francis S.....	1887
Montant, Louis B.....	1876	Sullivan, A. S.....	1887
Sargent, Thomas D.....	1876	Elmer, Richard A.....	1888
Williams, Barney.....	1876	Leavy, Matthew.....	1888
Richards, A. L.....	1877	Houston, Theodore.....	1888
Elliott, H. A.....	1878	Barry, Henry A.....	1888
Cheaney, Arthur.....	1878	Bixby, Daniel.....	1888
Scribner, J. Blair.....	1879	Sanford, A. Wright.....	1888
Weber, Albert.....	1879	Savage, John.....	1888
Palmer, H. D.....	1879	Cook, Seth.....	1889
Trotter, Van Vechten.....	1880	Chapin, C. H.....	1889
Leslie, Frank.....	1880	Bradhurst, T. C. P.....	1889
Ward, John A.....	1880	Keidel, H. F.....	1889
MacKeever, S. A.....	1880	Purser, George H.....	1889
Brougham, John.....	1880	Westell, Herbert.....	1889
Smith, Green.....	1880	McCoy, John W.....	1889
Bliss, E., Jr.....	1880	Mitchell, William J.....	1889
Jones, David.....	1881	Rowe, George Fawcett.....	1889
Thorp, E. B.....	1881	Collins, Wilkie.....	1889
Bidwell, H. C.....	1881	Dodd, A. S.....	1890
Hiltman, G. P.....	1881	Lester, John T.....	1890
Carroll, John W.....	1881	Tinker, Franklin H.....	1890
Hopper, Inslee A.....	1881	Walraven, Ira E.....	1890
Mack, E. B.....	1881	Byram, H. H.....	1890
Latham, Milton S.....	1882	Salisbury, C. T.....	1890
Heyl, Henry C.....	1882	Conover, C. E.....	1890
Minturu, W.....	1882	Allen, H. Wilder.....	1891
Cook, Daniel R.....	1882	Palmer, B. R.....	1891
Osgood, George A.....	1882	Florence, William J.....	1891
Seaver, William A.....	1882	De Lima, D. A.....	1891
Smith, W. H.....	1883	Fitz, Benjamin R.....	1891
Hargous, Louis J.....	1883	Stevenson, David, Jr.....	1892
Gwinner, H. W.....	1883	Gilmore, Patrick S.....	1892
Copeland, W. P.....	1883	Lockwood, Howard.....	1892
Johnson, Arthur B.....	1883	Marriotte, Henry A.....	1893
Cooper, James M.....	1884	Powell, L. T.....	1893
Holmes, C. E. L.....	1884	Sterling, T. W.....	1893
Donnelly, Samuel F.....	1884	De Graff, Wm. H.....	1893
Sibley, S. W.....	1884	Somers, F. M.....	1894
Noyes, Frederick B.....	1884	Thomas, C. W.....	1894
Lincoln, Charles G.....	1884	De Witt, J. E.....	1894
Appleton, William, Jr.....	1885	Temple, Anson S.....	1894
Gorringe, H. H.....	1885	Efner, Henry W.....	1894
Goldsmith, M. M.....	1885	Burbank, A. P.....	1894
McCullough, John.....	1885	Glover, Robert.....	1894
Mitchell, Moses.....	1885	Yates, Edmund.....	1894

